

BRITANNIA

SIXPENCE

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No. 20



THE TRAGIC UNEMPLOYED

In this Northumberland miner's cottage, visited by the Prince of Wales, Joseph McCann and his family endure a pathetic existence in poverty, hunger and squalor.

ON the front cover of this issue we publish a picture which symbolises the whole tragedy of unemployment in Great Britain. Elsewhere we publish an important contribution by Mr. Ben Turner, one of the leading members of the Labour Party, on the same subject. We make no apology for reproducing, in addition, the picture reproduced immediately above. Unemployment remains the vital problem of the moment.

"Positively ghastly," declared the Prince of Wales when he visited the squalid cottage in which Joseph McCann and his family (seen above) eke out a miserable and soul-destroying existence. The royal sentiment has

found an immediate echo throughout the length and breadth of the land. For years we have glibly discussed the problem of unemployment from the economic angle, dilated critically upon a series of adverse balance sheets and examined the programme of this and that political party to discover a way of salvation—without overmuch success, however!

But here is the human aspect of the tragedy—an aspect so often lost amidst the welter of political recrimination and doctrinaire argument, and with it comes a clarion call, born of the royal initiative, to set a term to economic bickering and class warfare and grapple with a malignant growth

which is sapping the very foundations of our national existence.

That such conditions as have profoundly shocked His Royal Highness have been allowed to exist so long is a sad commentary upon our social development.

Within a very few months now the public of Great Britain will be asked to render their views at the General Election on this problem which has gradually come to the fore as the most pressing with which our political leaders have to cope. It is with the idea of visualising for our readers a little of what Unemployment means, that we have devoted so much space to the subject in this issue.

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SALVING THE COAL INDUSTRY.

THERE is, unfortunately, no need to stress the gravity of the situation in the coal-fields. As the result of the Prince's tour, the whole country is now well aware not only that prolonged and pernicious idleness is fast dissipating some of the most valuable human resources of the nation, but that in the homes of the miners the depths of social misery have been plumbed. With stark tragedy facing us, this is no time to indulge in political recriminations; no time, even, to dilate upon the soul-destroying repercussion of the "dole," although it remains a sorry commentary on our political system to remember that men who loaf are apt to be better off than men who labour.

THE distressing fact is that, despite all the sympathy that has been evoked, despite all the money that is being subscribed, despite all the measures that are being taken to alleviate suffering and starvation, our leaders still hesitate to grapple with the malady itself. Supposing the Lord Mayor's Fund reaches even a couple of million pounds—a colossal sum—the effects of its distribution will be but temporary. The malignant evil of unemployment in the coal-fields will remain, a canker eating the heart out of thousands of the best and bravest of our people. And until that canker is rooted out there can be no hope of industrial convalescence.

Owners Must Rationalise.

FAR be it from us to suggest that a ready cure is at hand or that a remedy can be provided by a simple stroke of the legislative pen. The malady has got too firm a hold for that. But there are measures calculated to afford permanent relief which, for one reason or another—possibly a simple lack of imagination—are not being taken. We wonder, for example, when the coal-owners are going to set their own house in order. It is obvious that before the industry can set out on the road to health, vast aggregations of capital will have to be written off so that new money may be obtained for the wholesale reconstruction of plant and equipment. Furthermore, really serious steps must be taken towards unification and the setting up of efficient selling organisations. In other words, the owners must Rationalise, and that without delay.

WE do not, however, wish to imply that the solution of this problem lies solely in the hands of the owners. Far from it. But coal is a great national asset, and although we believe in principle that the less government tampers with trade the better, there would seem here to be scope for useful interference. Not, of course, in the form of subsidies to one side or the other. That costly method of bolstering up inefficiency never accomplished any useful purpose. Nevertheless coal remains the corner-stone of our industrial life, and since the coal industry is admittedly in a state of transition, the State may with advantage expedite the process.

IT is often pointed out that the market for our coal in bulk is now restricted, by competition and otherwise, and that we must therefore be prepared to mine less and reconcile ourselves to a permanent surplus of labour. That is the truth, but not the whole truth. It assumes that our business must be limited to hacking the commodity out of the bowels of the earth and selling it at so much per ton, whereas we know that this is an uneconomic procedure and that the real value of our mineral wealth ought to be measured in terms of power and by-products. The day may come when no coal (as we understand it) will be sold for fuelling purposes. That, perhaps, is a dream of the future. But the day has already arrived when, having disposed of what we can in its raw state, we ought to set about making the best of the balance, and thus assist the mining industry to the benefit of the country as a whole.

Coal and Power.

THE Government is, presumably, pushing ahead with the work of turning coal into mobile power at the pit head and distributing it in the form of electricity. That is so much to the good. But it is a question for deep consideration whether the national interests are being well served by the disposition to leave the development of pulverised fuel and the science of coal-distillation almost entirely to private enterprise. The fact that coal can be successfully broken up into valuable components needs no advertisement at this juncture. It is being done on a fairly large scale in Germany and on a small scale in this country. According to one authority, one ton of raw coal can produce 20 gallons of crude oil, nearly 2 gallons of petrol, 5 gallons of Diesel oil, 2½ gallons of lubricating oil (all of which we now import from abroad to the tune of some £45,000,000 annually), 3 lb. of candles and 6 gallons of tar acids. And we are still left with 14 cwt. of pulverised fuel and briquettes for the factory and the home.

THIS may, for all we know, be a generous estimate, but it is obvious that there is a germ of prosperity in the development. The process has been scientifically demonstrated; whether it is yet what we loosely term a "commercial proposition" remains, perhaps, to be ascertained. It is certain, however, that more would be learned from the operation of a commercial plant in six months than is likely to be discovered in the laboratory in six years. The question is whether, the situation of the coal industry being what it is, it would not be sound business for the Exchequer to assist propositions of this nature in order to test out their possibilities. Were success achieved it would reduce unemployment, find an immediate market for surplus coal, and render us less dependent upon imported supplies.

IN any case, the need of the hour is for some constructive effort to make the coal industry more of an asset and less of a liability. We must continue to alleviate existing distress—that is essential—but the policy of spending money for a mere temporary purpose, like that of giving something for nothing, is fundamentally unsound. It would surely be better to give the miner 30s. per week for doing something than 20s. per week for doing nothing—better for him and better for the community. And save for the inherent reluctance of governments to get on with the job, there is neither reason nor excuse for delay. Problems of infinitely greater financial magnitude than this are being settled by Boards of Directors in the City every day of the week.

The Miners' Welfare Fund.

THE conditions prevalent in the coalfields being notoriously appalling, we should like to ask the Government whether their last word has been said on the subject of the Miners' Welfare Fund.

This fund, which is of considerable proportions, has been subscribed by the State and the coal-owners themselves, and its purpose is to enhance the social amenities of the mining districts by improving villages, providing facilities for recreation and scholarships, etc. Much good work has been accomplished in these respects, but the crying necessity to-day is rather for food and clothing than playing fields and education. It is all a matter of proportion.

It is quite logical to say that the fund has been earmarked for purposes in accordance with its statutes. That, however, is beside the point. There is a large balance in hand, Parliament is in session, and if the will is there, means can speedily be found to make the money available. The situation is admittedly desperate. It calls for desperate remedies.

THE political event of last week was the indiscretion, studied or otherwise, of Sir Herbert Samuel. With Mr. Lloyd George away sailing the blue waters of the Mediterranean, the Infant Samuel is in charge of the Liberal ship in home waters; for Sir John Simon is in India, and the Rt. Hon. Walter Runciman is not in communion with the dominant party in the official Liberal organisation.

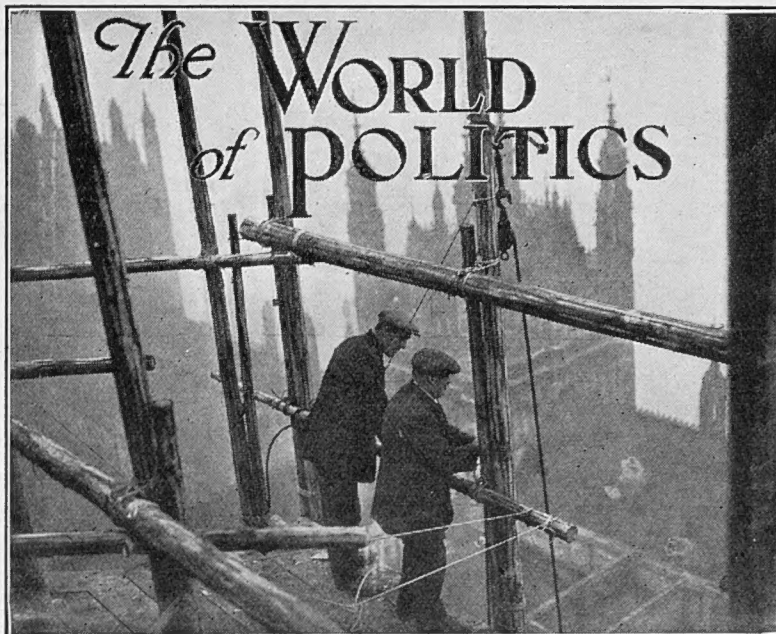
The question that intrigues politicians, wherever two or three of them are gathered together, is "what will happen after the next Election in the event of no party having a clear majority?" The Labour lions roar "No Coalition." Mr. Baldwin says nothing. Hitherto the Liberals have held a good tactical position. Faced with criticisms in the constituencies and jeers from their Conservative opponents that they will only repeat their tactics of 1924 and put a Labour Government into office, they had to give some ground at Yarmouth last year at their annual meeting.

Mr. Lloyd George then gave a carefully studied and, on the whole, adroit pronouncement to the effect that the blunder of 1924 (that is, the acquiescence in Labour taking office without conditions) would not be repeated. If the Socialists were prepared to give hostages, either portfolios in their Cabinet or an agreed programme, "the King's Government would be carried on." This put the Liberals in a good bargaining position if they held the balance of power.

NO LIB-LAB. ALLIANCE.

NOW Sir Herbert Samuel has surrendered this position altogether in his speeches at Bishops Auckland and Newcastle. He declared, as plainly as the English language will allow, that in the event of no party having a clear majority the Liberals would not in any circumstances enable a Labour Government to function. Few, if any, of the leading Liberals in England, including those in closest personal touch with Mr. Lloyd George, were consulted. Whether Mr. Lloyd George himself was privy to what Samuel was to say, no man knows outside these two principals. The ostensible object of Sir Herbert Samuel was to attract disgruntled Conservatives, and especially the Lancashire Free Traders, to the Liberal banner. The more far-sighted of the Liberals are wringing their hands.

They say, with truth, that the bargaining power of the Liberal Party has been wiped out. If under no circumstances they will support a Labour Government, no matter what that Government's policy, they will be bound, in default of the miracle of being in a majority themselves, to support the Conservatives. And they can make no terms now either on free trade or agriculture or the reform of the electoral



Restoration Work starts at the House of Commons.

The most intriguing political question to-day is: what will happen after the General Election if no party obtains a clear majority? Our contributor hints at an arrangement said to have been made between Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Lloyd George.

system. Sir Herbert's later speech at Ulverston has not undone the mischief. Samuel has either blundered or has acted by design.

A BARGAIN WITH MR. BALDWIN.

THERE is only one possible explanation in the latter case. It is that some private arrangement has been come to between Mr. Lloyd George and either Mr. Baldwin or some other leading Conservative in a position to deliver the goods. And the rumour has it that some sort of a bargain has been struck, and that in the event of a Party deadlock at Westminster the Conservatives are to receive Liberal support on condition that they bring in a measure of Proportional Representation.

Colour is lent to this rumour by the

gradual change of opinion towards Proportional Representation taking place among Conservatives. The Party organisers are beginning to wonder whether the present system might not in some future election return Socialists in numbers out of all proportion to their voting strength, and that the advantage hitherto enjoyed by the Conservatives by the present simple electoral system

may be transferred to the Socialists. However this may be, the reactions of the Liberal Party are interesting. It is divided into three distinct sections. The first, headed by Captain Freddie Guest, consists of those Liberals, by no means negligible in

numbers of influence, who believe that their patriotic duty is to form an alliance with the Conservatives in order to keep out the Socialists. Some are members of Parliament returned by Conservative votes in straight fights with Socialists. And their horns are exalted.

LIBERALS LIVING IN HOPE.

THE second section, hitherto led by Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Herbert Samuel, believed that by hanging on and working and sticking steadily to their creed the Party would eventually revive. They have wanted a free hand to deal with any political situation that arises. The late Lord Oxford was a great exponent of this view; but he, like the others of this group, suffered from an obsession and the survivors still live in a politicians' paradise. The idea is that a Liberal Government in a minority in Parliament can rule the country either with Conservative or Labour support.

When the first Socialist Administration was formed, this section believed that if Mr. MacDonald was defeated in the Division Lobbies he would not dissolve Parliament but would

resign, he and his Cabinet would hand in their seals, when the leader of the Liberal Party would be sent for, and be able to form a Government. In their present temper neither the Conservatives nor the Socialists would entertain the proposal for five minutes.

Remains the third Liberal section, the Radicals. Sir Herbert Samuel's pronouncement has depressed them as much as it encouraged the Guest section. This Radical Rump has always hoped for an arrangement with the Labour Party enabling a "Progressive" Government to be formed. It includes the survivors of the old Wee Frees, who, under Sir Donald Maclean, during the Lloyd George Coalition opposed with even more vigour than the then Labour Party.

Their hostility to Lloyd George persists. They commune with the Whigs, Lords Grey and Gladstone, Mr. Runciman and Sir John Simon. They accuse Samuel of betraying them, and say openly that Mr. Lloyd George's cruise in the Mediterranean is more for the sake of his political health than for his physical well-being.

The Socialists, bar the Snowden Party that is credited with hankering after a Lib.-Lab. Coalition, are delighted. Now, they say, we have got the Liberals where we want them. The Radical working-men can come over to us, there will even be a welcome for Radical members of Parliament who will

burn their boats and join us, and the rest can "go hang."

The position at the moment is, therefore, distinctly interesting, and all parties are awaiting developments with the very keenest interest.

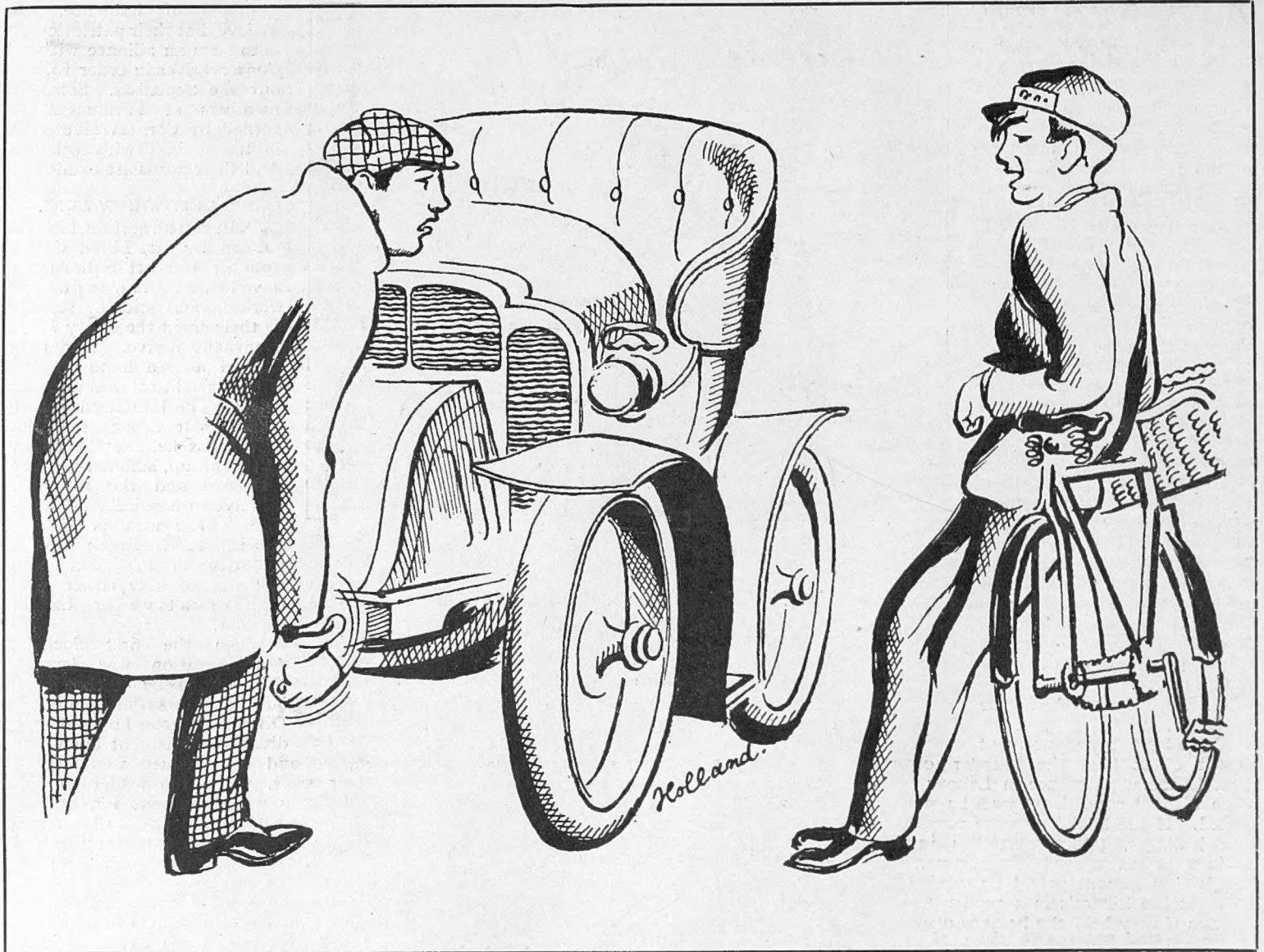
"WESTMINSTER."



Mr. H. R. Seeley, the Conservative candidate in the South Battersea by-election.



Lady Iveagh, M.P., who has been speaking on behalf of Mr. Seeley at Battersea.



PLAY US ANOTHER TUNE, GUV'NOR

IN THOSE DAYS: Over and over and over with the crank handle every morning.

NOW: Depress the starter and away—if you use the petrol of rapid vaporising qualities and the oil specially made to resist the cold.

The Quick-Starting Pair

SHELL OIL AND PETROL

By the Right Hon. the
EARL of BIRKENHEAD, G.C.S.I., P.C

Sir Herbert Samuel's Sideslip

IT is not surprising to read in to-day's intelligence that Mr. Lloyd George is speeding home from the snowy South in order to confront the even more trying asperities of domestic Liberal politics. He left Sir Herbert Samuel, his Chief of Staff, in charge, hoping no doubt that the somewhat sparse scale upon which Liberal speeches are, in existing circumstances, reported, would render any serious indiscretions improbable. He certainly cannot have conceived it to be possible that upon the greatest practical problem which awaits his decision he would arrive pre-committed by his subordinate.

Sir Herbert, however, thought proper to deliver a pronouncement which it will be worth while presently to examine somewhat closely, simply because the matter is not merely verbal, but derives actual impor-

tance from certain facts in the political situation which are static and unalterable.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF SIR HERBERT.

POSTPONING for a moment the observations I have to offer upon this topic, I may perhaps for the benefit of those who do not know him make a few observations about Sir Herbert Samuel whom I have known for a very long time, who was in a critical period a colleague of mine; and for whom I have a high respect.

He was a few years senior to me at Oxford and was rather a typical Balliol man. This description conveys (I agree) upon the life of a non-Balliol man a certain disparagement. His aim was precise and accurate; his industry most commendable; his manner a little prim and formal; in short, to all who knew him he reasonably appeared to be a young man who would go far if application, capacity and a calculating, but not in the least offensive, ambition could assure success. He was in a sentence the model of a frigid, but quite uninspiring, efficiency.

In the Honours school of modern history he attained rather an unusual success being, if my memory serves me right, placed alone in the first class. This distinction was a very great one.

THE POLITICAL BEGINNING.

IT had already become obvious that his mind was set upon treading the dusty road of Politics. He talked conscientiously and frequently in political clubs. I have said enough to make it evident that the man whom I have sketched must perforce be attracted to the Liberal faith as that faith was pursued by credulous youth or interested age in the early '90's.

He was elected in due course to the House of Commons. He pursued with remarkable correctitude the path which every really nice young Liberal member was then expected to tread. I would make a considerable wager that he never sustained physical castigation at any school. All through life indeed, he has always been the good boy of the class. And among the promising and ambitious ranks of the young Liberals who waited avidly for their opportunity in the pre-1906 Parliament none was better thought of; none looked upon as safer than the careful and logical Samuel. His outlook upon affairs was indeed a little narrow, perhaps a little arid. He never became the slave of his emotions. If he had any, which I take leave to doubt, he most competently and ruthlessly suppressed them. He would perhaps always have been more effective if he had been a little less inhuman.

When the Liberals came into their kingdom in 1906 his claims for minor office were evidently undeniable. It is not my purpose here to trace his gradual advance to an important Secretaryship of State. It began to seem inevitable. He became rather affec-



Sir Herbert Samuel, affectionately known as "The Infant Samuel." His recent declaration (made as chief of the party in Mr. Lloyd George's absence) that the Liberal Party will never again help to keep the Socialists in power at Westminster is criticised in this authoritative article by Lord Birkenhead.



Sir John Simon, one of the very few stalwarts of the Liberal Party. He has sometimes been an embarrassment to his leaders and on one occasion Sir Herbert Samuel was called upon to join issue with him.

tionately known as "The Infant Samuel." Everything committed to him was adequately if coldly performed. No one's name in the Government stood higher for dependability.

Then came the war. Samuel did not belong to the numerous body in the Cabinet—at first a majority including Mr. Lloyd George and Sir John Simon—which was opposed to English participation. It should be said in his honour that he discerned the real nature of the issues before most of his colleagues. So far as I know, in a supreme moment, he never wavered. And it should be equally placed on record that few families contributed a large number of recruits to the Armed Forces of the Crown than that of which he was the most conspicuous and promising member.

A PARLIAMENTARY CLASH.

THEREAFTER came the first Coalition. There followed the defection of Sir John Simon on the issue of conscription. If the contemporary tragedy had been less grave an element of delightful comedy would have been presented by the fact that Mr. Asquith selected Mr. Samuel to make the principal reply to Sir John Simon. The two men had appeared until 1914 to belong so completely to the same section of Liberal thought; they presented so many similarities in method and outlook; that the sharp

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL'S SIDESLIP—*continued.*

Parliamentary clash between them upon an occasion of supreme national consequence, and upon an alleged issue of Liberal principle, presented all the appearance of a comic melodrama.

When Mr. Asquith disappeared, Samuel, quite consistently with his sense of duty and his unobtrusive obedience to that sense, remained loyal to his old friend and chief; and went with him into that political seclusion which was to last so long, and dissolve (if even, now it be dissolved) in so much bitterness.

The discriminating eye of Mr. Lloyd George, however, soon singled him out to be the administrator of Mandated Palestine. Very prudently Mr. Lloyd George kept his eye upon his late Asquithian colleague. Whether it was wise to appoint a Jew to this position in view of the bitter differences which prevailed between Arabs and Jews seemed at the time open to question. But there can be no doubt that Sir Herbert Samuel discharged the delicate duties of his new office with the same metallic, and yet still admirable, efficiency which he has brought to bear upon every task which he has had occasion to undertake.

TINDER OF THE LIBERAL LAMP.

I SUSPECT that on his return to England he had with much heart-searching to take a difficult decision. He never could be anything but a Liberal of the old-fashioned type. He was brought up that way. The virus, if once absorbed, appears to be ineradicable. What then was he to do; was he to join Mr. Lloyd George upon whom he must often have bitterly reflected as the destroyer of his old chief? Or was he to remain aloof? Other alternatives there were none. I am certain that his decision was founded upon an honest realisation of the only course which he himself, in his valuation of himself, could usefully and honestly pursue. For strange, incredible perhaps as it seems to most of us, he has really quite sincerely believed that political Liberalism contains something which is beautiful, admirable, and even useful to the nation. As long, therefore, as any lamp is burning with however feeble and flickering a light he must conceive it to be his duty to foster and cherish it as long as it burns at all. And so at the very moment when most people would have looked the other way, and let it expire; this loyal and prudent old Liberal virgin produced his austere but honest bellows.

His mind, of course, must have been constantly applied to the extraordinary difficult decision which awaited the Liberal Party in the near future. The difficulty is the same whether that Party in the next Parliament consists of 50, 60 or 70 members.

When Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George placed the Socialists in power by a decision, which Mr. Lloyd George has since described as an error never to be repeated, they prepared for themselves the greatest humiliation of their lives. No two experienced men were ever so publicly fooled. Their help, which was indispensable, was accepted indeed; but those who had given this help were openly disparaged and jeered at by those whose existence as a Government depended upon its continuance. I have therefore no doubt at all that when Mr. Lloyd George uttered his "brave words" at Yarmouth this *rusé* old campaigner very completely realised what he really meant.

Of course, the last mistake was not to be repeated. But wherein lay the mistake? I have not the slightest doubt that the mistake in Mr. Lloyd George's eyes was not that he expelled Mr. Baldwin from office, but that he delivered valuable goods to the Socialist Party without exacting the slightest consideration except a weekly (almost daily) dish of bitter herbs and native leeks.

This is a mistake which Mr. Lloyd George, of all men in the world, is the least likely to repeat. When the political auctioneer next mounts the rostrum Mr. Lloyd George intends in meal and malt to get his price. Few people have got him once for nothing; none will get him twice. And there are qualifications enough in his speech at Yarmouth, and in what he has said before, to make it just possible to justify a course which he is absolutely certain to adopt.

THE GREAT DECLARATION.

BUT in his absence Sir Herbert Samuel, speaking with authority, has undoubtedly gone very much further. He declared at Newcastle that "the Liberal Party would not again lend support to the installation and maintenance in office of a Socialist Government. Whatever solution is found it must be other than that." Be it observed Sir Herbert does not say "Except upon conditions." It was, in positive and unambiguous language, that the Liberal Party will not in any event lend support to the installation of a Socialist Government. And that he means precisely what he appeared to mean is made plain by the fact that he founded upon this declaration, in itself so unequivocal, an appeal to moderate Conservatives to give their votes to the Liberal Party.

If his meaning had been—as I am certain Mr. Lloyd George's was—that they would only vote for a Socialist Government upon conditions which could conceivably establish a concordat between Liberals and Socialists, he could obviously not have been guilty of the cynical dishonesty of asking for modern Conservative votes. What were they to get upon this hypothesis?

I indicated in an earlier passage in this article that the matter had a real and not merely a verbal importance. Let me develop this point a little more closely. It is indisputably clear that many electors in this Country would rather vote for Liberals than for Conservatives; but would also much rather vote for Conservatives than for Socialists. It is, at least, equally certain that many Liberal candidates will be asked—all ought to be asked—by Liberals in their constituencies, holding anti-Socialist views, whether they will give an absolute pledge not so to vote as to place a Socialist Government in office.

A PROBLEM FOR THE LEADERS.

I HAVE already pointed out in an earlier article that it is highly probable that a third at least of the new Liberal members will return to Parliament pledged in this sense. The assurance given by Sir Herbert Samuel will undoubtedly encourage many Liberals who require the assistance of Conservative votes to adopt this course.

How do the Liberal leaders propose to deal with the situation which will result? If they say that they must be at liberty to make what arrangements they ultimately think proper because they are bound, as all

responsible statesmen are bound, to carry on the King's Government, they will surely be told: "We agree that this is your duty; but you can equally discharge this duty by maintaining in office, with or without conditions a Conservative Government. We will not give you a Communist blank cheque." The only relevant issue when the matter is put upon this basis must obviously be: does the majority of the Liberal voters in the country agree with the Socialists or does it agree with the Unionists? To this question it would surely appear that only one answer is possible. The fundamental clash between the individualist and the socialist conception of politics and economics so completely dominates every other political question that all those questions, measured in relation to it, become stunted and dwarfed.

The very fibre and spirit of traditional Liberalism was drawn from a deep and philosophic reflection upon the rights and responsibilities of the individual. Gladstone, Cobden, and Bright would turn in their graves if they saw any successor of theirs attempting to carry the Liberal Party into a camp still committed to the socialisation of the instruments of manufacture, transport and exchange—still mumbling the decaying sophistries of the old Prussian economic fraud.

WILL HE STAND BY HIS STATEMENT?

THERE are still in this country countless Liberals faithfully adhering to the Party from traditional loyalty, in spite of every discouragement, who are men with a stake in our national prosperity fully aware of the insanity of these chimeras, and who will never be induced to give a Liberal vote, until they receive an explicit assurance, of the kind that Sir Herbert Samuel gave at Newcastle, but from which he has, in language altogether unintelligible, apparently sought since to recoil.

The late Mr. Gladstone was admirably suited for such a task of verbal juggling. But this artful old dialectician was careful always to protect himself in his public pronouncements with so many parentheses and qualifications that somehow or other he was always able to extricate himself from too potent an embarrassment. But this, again to his credit, has never been Sir Herbert Samuel's strong suit. He has always affected the use of clear and unambiguous language. To compare great things with small, he has always aped Aristotle rather than Plato.

He has disdained the subtlety and the trickery of the witches in Macbeth. I cannot believe that he will add much to his own reputation, which as I have tried to make plain is in my judgment high, or contribute fruitfully to the fortunes of contemporary Liberalism, if he now makes the attempt to wriggle away from what he said with so much precision at Newcastle. And in my judgment, for what it is worth, to attempt it will be even more ill advised than otherwise because the actual pressure of events, and in particular the fundamental convictions of his own supporters, must in the end compel the Liberal Party to adopt his view.

Will it not thus, on the whole, be more dignified not to be stampeded by thoughtless objectors, but rather to seize the opportunity (rarely conceded to statesmen) of being at the same moment right, consistent, and courageous?

BRITANNIA'S DIARY

A Critical Survey of Current Events.

Playing the Fool with the Empire.

THE extraordinary report issued by Sir Edward Hilton Young's Commission on the Government of our East African dependencies has provoked the approval of *The Times* and the disgust of the inhabitants of East Africa.

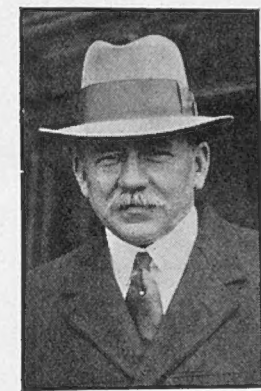
The craze in Downing Street for fancy constitutions is a serious menace. Dyarchy threatens to ruin India; the recently suggested constitution for Ceylon is, like Dyarchy, an ingenious attempt to concede the theory and deny the practice of self government. Now we have the East Africa Commission with fantastic recommendations for a kind of "autonomy" for Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda, subject to a fancy franchise based on a "civilisation test" (designed to exclude in practice the natives who are given the vote in theory) and to the general control of a kind of pinchbeck Mussolini to be called the Governor-General of East Africa, who will exercise on the spot the autocratic powers of the Colonial Office.

The English Press comments that this report may well mark the beginning of a new era in Colonial Government. It may indeed. I have previously commented on the curious fact that with all our experience we have had more than our share of colonial "wars" and

"troubles." The reason is not far to seek. We do not govern from here and we do not allow our compatriots on the spot to govern. We invent fancy schemes which weaken ourselves and yet deny the requisite authority to men on the spot.

A Socialist Canard.

THE ablest organ of labour politics, *The New Statesman*, made an extremely misguided attack last

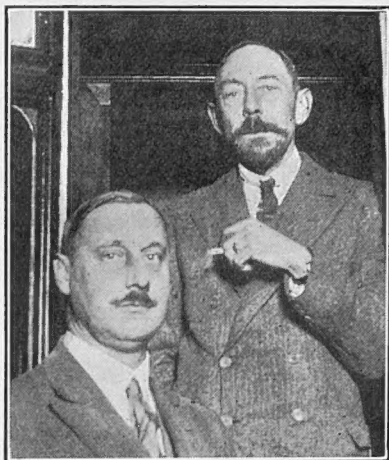


The Hon. J. S. Smit, High Commissioner for South Africa, who left London last week on a visit to South Africa.

week on Mr. Baldwin's election policy. Mr. Baldwin goes to the country as an anti-Socialist, and also as a "safeguarder." This, says our contemporary, is absurd: safeguarding is just as much government interference with industry as "nationalisation" or "state control."

On the contrary, the case against Socialism

is that the responsibility for running an industry must for many reasons, moral, economic and political, be left with capital, labour and management, and cannot usefully be assumed by an elected Parliament and an amateur Civil Service.



An expedition to explore the jungle towns of British Honduras, and an attempt to solve the mysteries of the lost Maya civilization has been organised by the British Museum. The expedition which left London recently is conducted by Captain T. A. Joyce (Right), Deputy-Keeper of the Department of Ethnography.

The difference between giving an industry the benefit of a safeguarding duty which the practical men in the industry want, and subjecting it to the control of a State organisation which practical men think would be disastrous, is not one of degree but of kind. Either policy may be right, but that they are different is elementary. There is nothing more stupid than the woolly idea that Socialism is really the same as Conservatism.

An Economic Curiosity.

M. MOREAU, governor of the Bank of France, has brought to light one very curious fact in his annual review of the French financial situation. With £1 sterling to-day you can buy 125 francs, as against 25 before the war. Retail prices, however, are only slightly more than five times as high as in 1914.

What this means is something very curious. It means that an Englishman who takes a sovereign to Paris and changes it into francs can buy as much for his money as he could before the war. In England the same sovereign will buy little more than half as much. Yet both currencies are on a gold basis. In other words, gold buys much more in France than in England. Can anyone explain this undeniable fact, which is not a matter only of statistics but is confirmed by the everyday experience of travellers.

American Cruisers.

THE Cruiser Bill is being considered by

the American Senate and it will be passed. The next step will be the re-opening of negotiations for a further naval agreement. There is no obstacle to such an agreement provided its real as well as its declared object is to achieve parity—which means parity in fighting ships class by class and not parity in aggregate tonnage.

Parity in aggregate tonnage sounds attractive but means disparity in fighting ships where one nation needs, as we do, a number of small,

light, purely defensive cruisers for trade protection, and the other nation needs infinitely fewer.

The facts about the present cruiser strength of the two navies are interesting. We enjoy a superiority in pre-1918, i.e., obsolescent cruisers. Of post-war cruisers we have 17 built or building and 3 projected. The United States has 18 built or building and 15 projected.

The Real Night Club Scandal.

THE Goddard case is not the first and will not be the last arising out of the disgraceful underpayment of responsible public servants. Here was a man so trusted and with such a fine record that he was made virtual controller of the night life of the largest city in the world. And he was paid £6 a week.

Only a few days later an income tax collector responsible for collecting £250,000 a year was found guilty of embezzlement. His salary was less than £4 a week.

If, instead of agitating to swell the ranks of the bureaucracy, the Labour party would devote themselves to a campaign for securing adequate salaries to those officials whom we know we need, they would be doing a public service. To expect the Treasury to move, of course, is hopeless; they have yet to learn that it is the highest economy to pay a man properly for the work you expect him to do.

Capitalists and the "43" Club.

ONE common reflection on the Goddard case seems to me ridiculous. It is being said that the scandal is the result of the absurd restriction on drinking hours. The only man who is really hit by the licensing restrictions is the man who, because he is poor, can in practice only get a drink in a public house. But he keeps the law, while the rich fools who can get whatever they want in their own or their friends' flats break it.

The most ludicrous comment of all comes from the *Daily Herald*, which pretends that the inhabitants of the disreputable night clubs are "capitalists." They are, in fact, cosmopolitan speculators, demi-mondaines, and the hangers-on of racing, sport and the stage, with a mixture of mere crooks. If you want to know exactly the



Mr. Ben Davies, the famous tenor, who hopes to give a farewell concert at the Albert Hall in March before retiring from the platform.



"Pat" Wheatley, the lawn tennis player, with Miss Louise Pierce of Lake Okanagan, B.C., whom he is to marry next month.

BRITANNIA'S DIARY (continued).

types who frequent these places go to any capital city where a revolution is, or has recently been, in progress. You will find them no longer in the second-class night clubs, but monopolising the best hotels. We have seen them all over Europe so recently that there is no excuse for talking nonsense about "capitalists."

A Feeble Opposition.

THE English Local Government Bill has come out of the Committee stage virtually unchanged, except that local authorities have secured an extended guarantee against losses under the new block grant system. The fourteen days' debate in Committee produced no single serious argument against the bill. The attempt to prove that a bill which takes £26 millions off the rates and puts it on the taxpayer is going to send up rates was merely absurd, and the attack on the block grant basis never came near meeting the Government case.

This, of course, is that whereas a grant which is a fixed percentage of the local authorities expenditure goes inevitably to the richer authorities, the new grants, being based on the needs of the district, will go mainly to the poorer authorities. Such real unpopularity as the bill enjoys is due to the loss of powers by the small authorities and

as would the Automobile Association, if all motor-car owners belonged to it. Yet the overwhelming majority of "black-coated" workers do not possess a car, which goes to show that the black-coats as a whole must be far more numerous than is usually



Viscount Craigavon, Premier of Northern Ireland, was accorded an enthusiastic welcome when he, with Lady Craigavon, opened the War Memorial Hall at Ballynahinch, Co. Down.

realised and must certainly outnumber the trades unionists very heavily. The people who planned the General Strike forgot this, and I sometimes wonder if Mr. Baldwin forgets it too.

A Famous Speech.

WHETHER General Smuts wrote the "forgive and forget" speech delivered by the King when he opened the Ulster Parliament in 1921, or whether it was part of the British Cabinet's plan to bring peace to Ireland, does not really matter. The most significant thing about the disclosure made by the Free State Government's semi-official organ, to which I believe at least one Minister contributes, is a very definite recognition of the Dominion status of the Irish Free State. Hitherto many members of the Government who were in the Sinn Féin movement

fostered the popular belief that they were only using the Treaty as a stepping-stone to full independence—a course which, by the way, Michael Collins himself advocated.

The inspired article, however, entirely disposes of the view that the Free State Government has any separatist leanings, and declares that Southern Ireland is guaranteed "a greater national freedom and security than it could have as a separate Republic" by being a member of the "unique" British Commonwealth of Nations. This is a decided advance and one which so far has been overlooked.

The Heart of Midlothian.

THE Midlothian election has resulted in another gain for the Labour Party and another nail in the Liberal coffin. If the Scottish Nationalist Party had ever been sufficiently alive to need a coffin a

nail would have been driven into that too. Mr. Lewis Spence writes admirably about the lost continent of Atlantis: he will now be able to follow "The Problem of Atlantis" which he claims to have found, with "the problem of Midlothian" which he has even more certainly lost. He will need to be at least as convincing as he was about Atlantis.

As to prospects, the election merely confirms what everyone knew. Liberalism in Scotland is dead and Labour is in a minority. Under our election laws this does not prevent Labour winning a good many seats but it deprives the victories of the slightest significance.

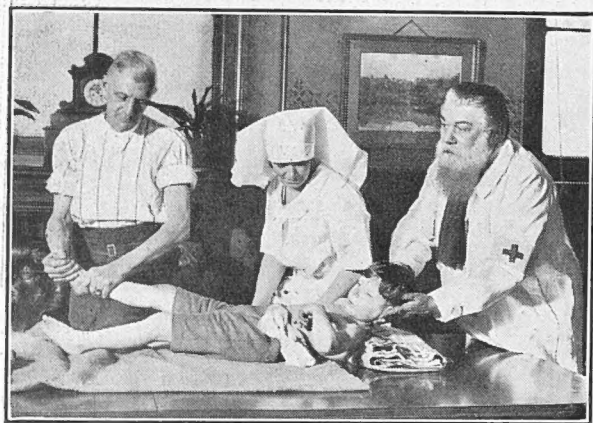
The "Milner Group."

RECENT happenings at the Colonial Office suggest that the Round Table Group are still a power behind the scenes. The men who worked under Milner, or in association with him in South Africa and later, include Mr. Amery, Mr. Lionel Curtis (the real inventor of the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms), Sir Edward Grigg (the Governor of Kenya) and Mr. Philip Kerr (the uncrowned king of Downing Street at one period of Mr. Lloyd George's premiership).

This group worked out and published a grandiose scheme for a Parliament of the British Empire, and they have got Federation on the brain. According to Mr. Lionel Curtis's learned work *The British Commonwealth*, the cause of the decline and fall of all great empires has been their failure to adopt federal constitutions. It is a fantastic theory. The root of all political evils lies in a divided sovereignty. You can govern a country or let it govern itself.

Commonsense from Whitehall.

THE Empire Marketing Board announces that imports of Empire food into this country were higher in 1928 than ever before for many commodities. This is good news because it is only by buying from the Dominions that we can secure that they shall buy from us. It is pleasant to find this simple economic fact appreciated in Whitehall. Now perhaps someone can tell us why we are so ready to applaud when another Whitehall department tells us that our imports as a whole have gone down.



The City Temple, London, is the scene every Friday of gratuitous bone-setting by Mr. A. E. Kennard who practises his art on genuinely poor people.

their officials, who will make their grievances felt during the election. But as no party will pledge itself to repeal the Act, the Government candidates should not suffer much.

Surprising Statistics.

IN 1928, 821,000 private cars and 516,000 motor cycles were licenced. This gives a figure of over 1,300,000 owner-drivers or riders out of a population of 40,000,000. This in turn means that one out of every thirteen or fourteen families possesses a motor-car, while one out of every seven families possesses some means of mechanical transport.

These figures are very surprising, and emphasise what politicians, and especially Labour leaders, are apt to forget, although Napoleon discovered it long ago—we are a nation of shopkeepers. The proportion of our population engaged in buying, selling or distributing is exceptionally high.

The Trades Union Congress actually represents only five times as many people



A Famous London Institution: Tramp Night at the London Sketch Club where several famous artists of the pen and brush dined as "brothers of the road."

The MARCH of EMPIRE

WE break into the wilderness, cut down giant trees, stick up a board and write on it the name of a good citizen; the iron track comes, and the march of Empire has begun . . .

By Mary Gaunt

AWAY in the mountains of Gippsland, Victoria, Australia, there is a little station on the Walhalla line they call "Thomson."

It consists of a name plate and a log, and the log is probably an accident. Truly it would be difficult to have anything less pretentious. There is not a house in sight. It almost seems a pity that the railway has come to bring progress—and destruction—to this lovely country.

Giant eucalyptus, bound together with all manner of creepers, tall and straight even to 300 feet high, tower on the hillside; at the bottom of the gully a creek trickles among the boulders and stones; and in the moist ground, sheltered from the wind and shaded from the fierce heat of the subtropical sun grow ferns, delicate maidenhair, beautiful coral fern, sturdy hart's tongue and great tree ferns, 10 and 20 feet high, making the whole place one mass of living green, a wondrous lovely conservatory. Early in the morning from every leaf hangs a crystal dewdrop sparkling like a diamond in the first rays of the rising sun.

When it is frosty the great fronds of the ferns lie outspread on the thick white mist that veils the mountain side seemingly upheld by the soft clouds, ethereal, bridal; slowly as the mist melts they emerge in all their beauty, and no poet has yet sung the fragrance of the warm damp earth that rises to the nostrils, a luxurious scent of freedom and the wilderness the remembrance of which is enough to make one forswear cultivation and civilisation for ever more.

THE CRUDE, RAW GOLD.

WHEN first Walhalla came into notice as a place where gold had been found the only means of getting supplies there was by packhorse. Sitting now on my terrace at Bordighera looking out over the Mediterranean I see three aeroplanes winging their way across to France. It seems as natural as it did when I was a little girl to see in the streets of Sale a packhorse train assembled for the narrow mountain tracks to the outlying goldfields whither they toilsomely carried flour and tea, and blankets, clothes, and tools.

In their place they brought back, under escort, the crude raw gold that now I never see. For the gold of my watch or my wedding ring is as different from the gold the diggers washed out in their tin dishes and kept in their little chamois leather bags as are the beautiful hills of Italy, terraced and cultivated since the dawn of history, from the hills and shaded gullies of the southern continent, whose silence, till the last hundred years, has only been broken by some wandering savage hunting for a meal, passing and leaving all in peace and forgetfulness again.

NINETY MILE BEACH.

AWAY to the south washes the Pacific on Ninety Mile Beach. Here in the fourth decade of the last century there was wrecked a little ship. Her crew escaped to the shore, among them one unhappy woman.

The Ninety Mile Beach is lonely nowadays. It was beyond the ends of the



*The March of Empire,
From the lonely log
cabin to the city
iron and steel.*

earth then. They landed, surprised and thankful to escape from the raging surf. They made

their way up through the sand to the clusters of dark green tea trees that fringe the shore, their first thought for water, their next how long it would take them to reach a human habitation. There were the beginnings of a settlement at Western Port, a hundred miles away at least as the crow flies, God knows how far pushing through the dense, impenetrable bush.

They never even started.

That dense hedge of green tea tree was full of life. The dark, bloodshot eyes of stone-age men peered at the troubled little company, jealous of any trespassers on the hunting grounds that had been theirs from time immemorial. They treated them exactly as they would have treated strangers of their own colour.

Unarmed, battered by the surf, weary with the long strain before the shipwreck, the little company sensed the danger. But what could they do? It was not possible to hide from such skilled hunters, the best trackers in the world; it was not possible to fight against a foe they could not see. As the spears, thrown by capable hands they could not locate, came hurtling at them one by one they went down and their life blood spurted over the sands of the new land.



Illustration by C. H. Lee.

LONELY WOMAN'S FATE.

WHEN they were powerless, there came leaping from the tea tree, dark, naked bearded men with a bright parrot's feather, or a lyre bird's tail, upright in their greasy locks, unclean men with the ways of primitive savages, men of which the civilised woman can barely conceive. Into their hands that lonely white woman fell.

Tradition says that the forlorn despairing creature, as she wandered up and down the bush with the nomads who held her captive, carved on the tree trunks prayers for help. The scattered settlers, who never saw her, heard through friendly blacks of her presence and gauged her unutterable misery. Inspector Dana and his black police from Western Port scoured the country, but they never found her. Soon all rumours of her existence ceased. She had died, probably, alone, there among the savages, one of "the grey, grey company before the Pioneers."

THE IRON TRACK RUNS ON.

WE break into the wilderness in this twentieth century; we run a railway track along a mountain side through riotous pulsating vegetation; we cut down ruthlessly giant trees; we leave them to rot; we stick up a board and write on it the prosaic name of a good citizen; the iron track comes, and the march of Empire has begun.

We must push on. Let us pray that those who break the way will have vision and destroy as little as possible the natural beauties. "Thomson." At least it is better than "Belle Vue."



Sir Stanley Machin, J.P.—a past President of the British Chambers of Commerce and the author of the article published on this page.

Scientific Safeguarding

It is time this country woke up and faced the fact that the Free Trade System is old-fashioned, highly expensive, destructive of the best manufacturing enterprise and wholly inadequate in the post-war world.

BY SIR STANLEY MACHIN

We want a constructive trade outlook in this country instead of leaving the future of our great commerce to the blind caprice of chance. Merely hoping for a trade revival will not get us very far . . . unless it is backwards.

It is necessary to face the facts boldly and to make a scientific study of a fiscal policy that shall at least give adequate protection to those industries and manufactures that at present cannot possibly compete in the world's markets on anything like a fair basis because they are not starting level, since they have the tariffs of other nations loaded against them.

THIS would not mean a wholesale protection policy, but one worked out scientifically after research into our present trading system, and for protective tariffs to be levied against those manufactured articles coming into this country which are unfairly competing against us on our own ground. It might possibly amount to a tariff war; but on the other hand it will be a fair way of protecting one's own people. If other

nations put tariff barriers against our goods, then we should so arrange our tariffs to militate against their trade with us.

For this nation alone to be standing out and allow every other great nation in the world to treat her as a dumping ground for surplus manufactured goods, to the detriment of our employment is to ask deliberately for commercial bankruptcy.

IN the true mind of the nation to-day there can be no two views about the success attained in the motor, glove, and lace industries owing to the degree of protection given them by the Safeguarding of Industries Act. Then why hesitate to apply it to the other industries which are being so badly hit by unfair foreign competition?

Our steel trade is another example of an industry which is suffering under the protective tariffs of foreign countries. Yet manufactured steel goods are allowed to be imported free of tax, and by price-cutting undersell us in any locality.

In another sphere of industry, that of hop-growing, we are witnessing disaster. On account of the American hops being allowed into this country free of tax our growers in Kent are going out of business. *I know of hop lands, which normally would have circulated about £200,000 in wages alone, lying idle on account of the excessive competition from the United States.*

The hopeless plight of our agriculture is generally due to want of adequate protection. In the interests of national defence—an adequate home-grown food supply in time of war—we should make strenuous and constructive efforts to increase wheat growing. *But because of the want of constructive genius with a free hand to use every weapon to revive agriculture, thousands of acres are lying idle which normally could produce wheat, probably the finest in the world.*

A WORLD OF DEADLY COMPETITION.

The post-war world is certainly not a place where any nation can muddle through to success in its industry and commerce. We are no longer the workshop of the world since other nations are no longer obliged to come to us for manufactured goods.

We should not be afraid to experiment in tariffs scientifically to make our commercial and industrial future safe. Success lies along this path alone.

THERE is far too much illusive and foolish talk about trade revival in this country. Optimism is excellent if backed by some actual proof that revival is in being, but it is dangerous and wholly misleading if its foundation is mere hope. I can see very few constructive signs pointing to revival, and constructive thought on original lines is hardly met with anywhere.

As a nation we have to realise that we live in a post-war world of changed nations, one where economic values have changed completely. The Free Trade theorists forget this, and their insistence on the old fiscal methods means that the nation, in its gallant fight for trade revival and ultimate supremacy has to struggle with one hand tied behind its back.

Free Trade, as the International Economic Conference reminded us, would be a fine thing for the world if the nations would agree to apply it universally. But in this direction we have not yet been able to influence our overseas Dominions, and foreign competitive nations are certainly not doing so. To a great extent Free Trade as practised to-day in Great Britain is an illusion. Even in foodstuffs, clothes, and some manufactured articles we have measures of protection.

A GLANCE at the commercial world will show that there is little tendency on the part of any nation to adopt a purely Free Trade fiscal system. Their reasons are obvious, and it is for this country as the prime Free Trader amongst the great nations to study these reasons carefully and to readjust its fiscal system to meet the new demands of the conditions operating against her. Since the war there has been created some seven thousand miles of new tariff barriers, and a 30 per cent. rise in new fiscal taxes.

The new post-war nations do not protect themselves with tariffs because they want to impoverish themselves; and it is time this country woke up and faced the fact that the Free Trade system is old-fashioned, highly expensive, destructive of the best manufacturing enterprise, and wholly inadequate in the post-war world.



E. O. Hoppe.

In the heart of England's industrial area: Removing a crucible pot from one of the furnaces at Vickers-Armstrong's North Country brass foundry.

Unemployment—the Cure

Mr. Ben Turner, General President of the National Union of Textile Workers, who has had over half a century's experience in the textile trade, is confident that a revival of trade will come, and offers some suggestions for the alleviation of unemployment.

BY BEN TURNER



Mr. Ben Turner, General President of the National Union of Textile Workers, and author of the article published on this page.

IS there a cure for unemployment either in the textile or any other trade? I feel sure that under the present commercial and trading conditions there is not. There has been unemployment in the textile trade as long as I have known the trade, both as man and boy.

I began as a half-timer 56 years ago, and have a distinct recollection of a patch of bad trade before then. I have known several periods of textile trade depression; in former days it varied in intensity and in districts. Trade would be bad in Scotland and fair in Colne Valley, good in Huddersfield and bad in Bradford.

Up to this past six years, it has never been bad all together, and thus this present long depression is different from any I have hitherto known. The cotton trade is different from the woollen and worsted trade, as their business is considerably export, whereas ours is about 55 per cent. home trade.

IN many sections of the textile trade there are not big discharges of employees; in the cotton, woollen and worsted industries persons will be playing for work, but not be out of a situation. Thus our problem is somewhat different from some other trades, as we do not have huge dismissals and a shifting about of our population.

This keeps the skill of our people more stable, and it creates a love for one's firm, or one's home, that I think very commendable. *I want to retain our skill and dexterity. I know no other country in the world that can surpass us in textile products. In design, in strength, in build up, in colour and in finish, none can surpass our people, and I do not want us to lose this virtue in the vortex of depression and unemployment.*

I have handled cloths from many countries, but for equality of fabric they cannot touch our Huddersfield makers. Recently I saw some cloths from Czechoslovakia, which were priced at from 5s. 6½d. to 6s. 9d. per yard. Looked at behind glass they seemed decent, but when I handled them they were "tissue paper" compared with 6s. cloths from Yorkshire. I showed them to a clothing factory manager, and he showed me how weak they were from the making-up point of view. A cloth manufacturer said he would not bother making such cloths.

I have seen cloths made on the Continent, as well as in America, but they are not in

front of us, though they employ more persons per 1,000 yards of cloth woven or per 10,000 lb. of yarn spun than in our Yorkshire trade.

DESPITE all these points, however, our trade is bad, and unemployment is considerable. That is one of the points being put forward by the safeguarding employers at the inquiry now to take place. During 1928 our own Union had in the West Riding 11 to 33 per cent. of our members unemployed. It is a little easier at the time of writing, but it is bad all through. The present depression is an after-war effect, and the workers abroad who were our customers are poorer than they were.

We also have had a change of fashion, especially in women's wear. Fifteen to twenty-five years ago a woman wore two petticoats and a long frock, now she seems to wear few petticoats and her frock can be wrapped up in a vanity bag. This change of fashion, however, is not as serious as it looks, for formerly the woman made a frock last a year; now she wants three in a year

or more, and in the total of yards she is as big a wearer as ever.

There may be a slight reduction of labour required, for twenty years ago there were more picks per inch (threads across the warp) than is called for to-day, and thus a loom turns out more pieces in 48 hours than was formerly done in 55½ hours.

Generally speaking, the looms turn out more yards of cloth than formerly; there are fewer employed in the production end of the trade than 25 years ago.

THE bad trade is not due to general inefficiency. There are, here and there, "dead heads" in the industry—family makeweights, friendly additions to lists of staffs, that are not needed—but I do not think it is general, yet I can reel off a dozen firms that are so burdened, and which growl at the workers for being too highly paid, etc.

However, when all this is reckoned up, and despite the fact that there is a bigger home population and a million more people in employment than a few years ago, there are in Britain 1½ million wanting work, and a deep trade depression in the textile trade. Can that be cured?

I am afraid much of it must be endured for a time. I feel sure some revival will come, but not in a rush, and it may be a year or two coming.

AS a palliative for unemployment, there must be a raising of the school age to 15, and better education given to adolescents so that we can grow an A1 population. Then I am wedded to the raising of the Old Age Pensions to £1 for single folks over 65, and married couples to £2, on condition they leave the industry. I don't make it a compulsory retirement, but I think the extra should be paid when they retire.

Of course, if I am again asked, will all these things stop unemployment, I must truthfully answer no! To give the real answer would include a further reduction of the hours, increased incomes, and an entry into political questions.



A Durham miner's child. An innocent victim of the poverty in the coalfields

This Feminine Freedom

The independence women now enjoy—the so-called equality with men—is, in Miss Storm Jameson's opinion, a mixed blessing. Freedom has not made women happier and actually gives them less leisure, less dignity and less peace of mind.

IS it not almost time that we gave up waving flags over the victory of woman and sat down to examine the spoils? It was a holy war, but the celebrations have been going on a very long time now, and, as after other wars, and other celebrations, the accounts have to be balanced and the bills met. No doubt some of us are adding up, but most of us are still clutching our flags and going a little mechanically through our credo: I believe in the beauty and holiness of feminine independence and in the glorious destiny of woman. You know the rest of it as well as I do.

Let me recall to you what happened. At no moment during Victorian times was society as solid and prosperous as it looked. But there was a time when it looked unshakable and achieved thereby a real though rather fusty dignity. During this time the position of its women was curious. They were often autocratic to a degree, a few of them wielded vast social

By

Storm



Jameson

(The well-known novelist)

and political influence, there was among them no lack of independent-minded, outspoken, cultured, and personally courageous women. Yet the accepted idea of the Victorian young woman is that of a retiring, helpless and badly-educated female.

The reason is obvious. Not only did they themselves insist religiously on an ideal of female virtue that was easily realised by any young woman who kept her mouth shut and looked amiable, but the bulk of them actually were badly educated, and they were all—with few exceptions—helpless unless some man was earning money for them or had bequeathed money for them. Moreover, they deliberately fostered helplessness of this sort as a female virtue. Mothers brought up their daughters to believe that to work for a living was unladylike and degrading. With the result that when one of these carefully-bred creatures was deprived of her male supporter, her father or husband, she was as helpless as a naked savage would be in Wall Street. She either starved or took up the only kind of work that could be done by an ignorant woman completely devoid of any commercial training. She became a governess and an unwilling witness to the anomalous position of her sex.

THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

SHE was herself too dejected to revolt. Other women did it for her—middle and upper class women whose energies could not find sufficient outlet within the limits prescribed for them. These early feminists fought and won successive battles—for their right to be educated, to enter professions, and to work for a living without losing caste. Unwittingly they dealt the ideal of caste a blow from which it never recovered.

They were succeeded by the suffragettes, who fought for enfranchisement with pathetic savagery; they failed to get it, but did actually efface most remaining traces of

the Victorian ideal. The rest disappeared during the Great War, which was not fought to make the western world free to a female democracy, but had that for a consequence.

The fight, though bitter, had been short; the triumph was overwhelming. Women, in a greater majority (thanks to the War) than ever, could at its close take their independence as won. They have not yet been able to take it for granted.

When we come to the results of the victory, we see at once that four of them are so startling that the rest don't matter. The first of these results is that you and I, and all other women, can do pretty well any-

thing we please. We can travel alone, eat in hotels alone, live where we like, choose our intimate friends from the other sex and spend as much time with them as we like; drink, and smoke in public, drive cars, fly aeroplanes and shoot tigers; we can even, provided we are not too blatant about it, sow our wild oats and afterwards marry and settle down. The second result is, that all trades and professions are opened to our talents, except the Church, some of the political services, and the Army and the Navy. We have been admitted into the ministry of some dissenting sects, and a certain delicacy has so far prevented us from trying to force our way into the pulpits of Churches that have not invited us. As to military service: there are three ways by which during war we can disguise from ourselves the fact that (except as potential mothers) we do not count. We can nurse, we can make munitions, and we can present white feathers to young men who are not showing sufficient eagerness to risk death or mutilation on our behalf. The last of these activities can be carried out in complete comfort and safety; the other two not always.

The third result of our victory is that privilege we asked for so loudly—the chance to improve the world by voting it into bettering itself. The fourth is my young secretary, who, with no specific talent and no anxiety for a "career," started life as shorthand typist in a business house at sixteen, and has been taking down letters, mine and other people's, ever since.

THE SAD CASE OF MISS A.

THESE are the spoils; now to look them over—beginning with the last. My Miss A is a pretty, delicate creature, very smart at her job. The number of her competitors is so enormous that if she were



Women can now do what they like—but they don't like croquet . . . which is, perhaps, just as well!

not efficient she would not keep her job a week. Fifty-odd years ago she would have stayed at home and married, or, failing marriage, gone to work in some family better off than her own.

To-day she works in the City as a matter of course. On hot days she turns very pale, and she is often tired, being forced to get in her share of youthful amusement after working hours. She did not choose to be independent, and she does not want to be. All she wants is to get married and get out of it. You have not forgotten that "gilded cage" of which the feminists talked so much. How joyfully would my nice Miss A. give up her poor little independence for one. True, she is no worse off for having been made "independent," but he would be a hardened optimist who would say she was in the slightest degree better.

The sum of the political triumph is hardly more impressive. Women have proved themselves no less enamoured than men of party catch-words. This is all the more disappointing, in that they talked enormously before they got the vote about their sense of social responsibility. The first social responsibility of woman is to make the world decent and comfortable for children, and the second is to make it safe. All others are unimportant. It is an obvious and regrettable fact that not one in a thousand women is socially developed enough to have grasped this, or intelligent enough to think clearly about the political opportunity of independent and enfranchised woman.

ROBBING OTHERS.

FREEDOM to work at anything we choose, if (unlike Miss A.) we are clever enough or influential enough to be able to choose, is a more flattering item. Unfortunately, it appears on both sides of the ledger. Life is wider and more varied for me regarded as an individual, as a writer, and for you as a surgeon or a stockbroker or an architect, than it was when I had to scrape a living by governessing and you had to get yourself married or lead the restricted life of a Victorian old maid.

Not only do you and I now enjoy unlimited opportunities of using our brains and energy, but the work we do is quite often constructive and useful. Only fools and sentimentalists would refuse to put this to the credit side of our account. On the debit side appears an odd paradox. Suppose I am a successful architect, and you are a journalist married to an architect. My job is to take the bread-and-butter out of your husband's mouth and compel you to work doubly hard to keep your household going. You must not complain, however, for you are doing precisely the same thing to your friend Mary Jones, the wife of a journalist whose job you will very likely get on the next turn of the wheel.



The strength of the "weaker" sex.

Multiply these instances by tens of thousands, and you begin to have some conception of what women have done, not only to their male competitors, but to each other, by entering the markets. My brains and skill, used to the best of my ability, are making it savagely harder for other women's husbands and sons to get their living. Perhaps you think that now I see what I am doing I should refrain from doing it. Then I should be penniless, and my husband, already over-driven because he has to compete not only with John Smith, but with John Smith's clever daughters, would have to carry me, too.

I am caught in the machine, and so are you, and so are the Miss Smiths and Mrs. Mary Joneses. There is nothing any of us can do short of a concerted resolve to alter the whole social system. In the meantime, we can at least look the facts in the face and read the ledger correctly.

You must add, too, to me and my kind, the vast and comfortable army of the semi-independents, the women who, although they work at some art or profession, are supported by their husbands. Many of these have a career in place of a second child or in place of any child at all. They are not working because of economic pressure, and their presence in the markets enormously intensifies the pressure on the wholly self-supporting women—and men.

A SOCIAL EVIL.

BUT, surely, you say, there remains one unquestionable victory—our personal freedom, our escape from convention. True. For what it is worth, we are free to live as we please, and to change our husbands almost as we please. Most of us live decently, or try to. We need not apologise for our freedom because it offers new and unlimited opportunities to the female rotter, the waster, and the gold-digger. These always existed. Our new independence did not create them; it merely widened their field and allowed them to vulgarise larger areas of life and art. The spoils of freedom are not so large as you had imagined, are they? But you would be mistaken if you concluded that our former state of dependence was better. It was not. The unwilling dependence of generations of women bred in us poisons that are still working. Yet it is sheerly fatuous to suppose that independence is of itself good or that it must necessarily make women happier and socially more useful—and I find it hard to understand why intelligent women go on believing and repeating cant of this sort.

As things are, feminine independence appears to be quite as much a social evil as a social good. Nor does it necessarily, or even probably, make for happiness. It is even demonstrable that it has so far made for



And... to-day, at the seaside or elsewhere, for that matter, nobody takes any notice....

unhappiness; there were never more discontented women, or more women suffering from over-strain due to their determination to be both married and free.

TRUTH ABOUT INDEPENDENCE.

I AM independent. I earned my independence. No one helped me to it. No one helps me to keep it. I have exchanged dependence on a husband for dependence on my ability to earn money, on an employer (in my case, an editor or the public).

Let us suppose I have so far satisfied my employer that I am now a financial success. I cannot delude myself into believing that this makes me a more valuable member of society than my grandmother, who had six healthy and talented children. Or a happier, since I have less leisure, less dignity, and infinitely less peace of mind. Or more secure, since I may at any moment cease to please and lose my livelihood.

What is true of me is true of you, and of every independent woman who now boasts herself to be more of a man than her grandmother was. I have still to come to terms with life, to find out what would really satisfy me, and then to go for it. And so have you.



The Beauty of Industry

The illustrations given here depict the work in two of the largest marmalade and biscuit factories in this country.

Vats full of boiling orange peel (above). Marmalade in jars — there are 2½ million jars on each of four floors (right). Packing biscuits (circle).



*Pictures taken exclusively for
BRITANNIA by E. O. Hoppe*

What's WRONG With ENGLAND?

A Symposium of Readers' Views

HESITATION AND VACILLATION.

ENGLAND is suffering at present from a multitude of counsellors, but her chief weakness seems to be one of hesitation and vacillation. Britain's politicians do not realise that industrially we are suffering, not because of strikes, lock-outs, and conflict between Labour and Capital, but owing to the failure of industrialists to reorganise their factories and workshops on the highest lines of rationalisation, a scientific necessity made imperative by the war.

England is also suffering from an ultra-democratic weakness that is flaunting itself in luxury-living and all forms of amusement and gaiety, rather than on the serious side of reconstruction and national regeneration. The mere fact that the most profitable trades at present are luxury trades—such as motor cars, films, etc.—proves beyond question that we are making no genuine effort to deal with the unemployment problem from the national standpoint.

England is also relying too much on her politicians to save her from the menace of national disaster towards which we seem to be drifting, and these politicians are merely rushing us in turn to the edge of the precipice. England cannot stand this terrific burden of taxation or Acts of Parliament which are merely Socialistic and financially ruinous, Acts of Parliament which have been passed by a so-called Conservative Government. Everything points to the fact that an era of authority is approaching, and that we must automatically return to some form of strong government of a kind that will rescue us from the menace of the half-witted brains at present trying to rule the country.—(Mrs.) Josephine Corbett.

MISMANAGEMENT' PLEASURE AND EDUCATION.

THIS question can be answered under three headings. First and most important I place Industrial Mismanagement.

To all observers in business life there can be no doubt that industry is not administered in the best interests of the nation. It is difficult to deal briefly and adequately with this subject, but some of the main reasons are: (a) Managerial positions filled by unsuitable individuals; (b) insufficient economy of overhead charges; (c) lack of departmental co-operation; (d) atmosphere of mistrust between management and "rank and file."

Industry requires efficiency, enthusiasm, a better understanding between all grades of workers, and a keen organisation. Only thus can we compete successfully in the world's markets.

Secondly is the universal spirit of "Pleasure before Business." Since the war this invidious poison has crept among all ranks and all ages, drugging our senses to the grim reality of our position, while our Continental neighbours have plunged with avidity into the task of reconstruction.

Thirdly is the need of a better type of education for the masses. Surely it is possible, without additional expense, for the young generation to be taught something of the economic facts of life. We are send-

In response to our invitation to our readers to answer the question, "What's Wrong With England?" we have received a very large number of replies. Below we publish a selection of opinions on the subject.

ing from the schools future citizens who have no knowledge of the commercial state of the country. It is not enough to tell them of the boundless Empire on which the "sun never sets" without also making them realise that the future prosperity of the nation rests largely in their hands.—Harry G. Morley.

MIDDLE CLASS CAUTION.

THE people who really matter in this country are the middle classes. These include the successful doctor, earning £2,000 a year, and the motor mechanic with £200.

The middle class man of to-day is too cautious. His future must be assured before he marries; and when he does, all his spare money is invested in a life insurance policy. His life is as commonplace as a film story. His contribution to the progress of the country nil.

It isn't our fault. We of the middle classes take our cue from our leaders. We don't want a tub-thumping, Bolshevistic government, but for Heaven's sake let us get away from the "leader" who doesn't lead; who says benignly that all's well in this best of worlds, whether it is or not.

Optimism is the keynote of success; but behind the optimism must be the drive of enthusiasm. Let the country know that it still has immense mineral resources, an elaborate and reliable engineering trade, the best brains on earth, immense importance in the commerce of the world; and having told it, let our legislation be progressive. Progress is impossible without risk—let our legislation be risky.

The man who is not a better man than his father is a danger to his country. Other nations progress and so must we. We have the quality of sound judgment; on it must be superimposed the spirit of enthusiasm which is the only road to progress.—A. Taylor.

AN UNPROGRESSIVE CHURCH.

IT would be foolish for a mere slum curate to pretend to deal with the faults of politicians or business magnates. It may even be presumption on his part to mention bishops, though he does so with bated breath, but, anyway, there will be less likelihood of his being wrong or misinformed.

Church of England! The very name implies some kind of national, spiritual leadership, which, if it is lacking in any essential element, will justify the suggestion contained in the heading of this article. There are many criticisms hurled at the Established Church nowadays, but they may all be summed up under the one accusation that the Church has failed to adapt itself to present-day conditions. The conventional parish socials, mothers' meetings and "Pleas-

ant Sunday Afternoons" may be very good things, but they are as old as our great-grandparents. Year after year the same things go on, at the same time and in the same way, and few dare to question their infallibility. New developments, such as the charabanc, the cinema, wireless and weekends in the open air, may come into being, but the official Church calmly ignores them.

Of course, these things are transient. They will pass away and others will grow up in their place. Why then should the Church trouble itself about them? Just because it is her duty, her *raison d'être*, to work along sacramental lines, to take the temporary, material things and use them as channels for eternal truths—in plain English, to put some inspiration and zest into life.

One gathers that English business and government are not in the best of health. Their very existence depends upon the attributes of courage, energy and faith, that is, the powerful belief in the possibility of things which of itself gets them done. Now, it is the work of Religion to develop these fundamental qualities. Let us then have a re-inspired, re-invigorated and progressive National Church and we shall be well on the way to a solution of all our economic and political problems.—Curate.

NATIONAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

ONE must, I think, go back to the years 1914 to 1916 and take a wide and complete survey of our parliamentary activities since then.

If a "Gibbon" were to write *The Rise and Decline of the British Empire*, he would certainly start the decline at the year 1916, when Mr. Lloyd George took control of the Government. We are used to the phrase that "Lloyd George won the war," but we can pass over that and say that any other opportunist could have done the same on the same extravagant scale, and a similar distorted sense of proportion has been displayed by every successive Government, including even Mr. Bonar Law's, and we have not yet found a statesman who has had the courage to apply the brake on national expenditure to conform to the national income without sending up rates and taxation to heights which industry cannot stand.

If the General Election gives us a Government with a clear working advantage over all other parties, it would be as well if they got down to work to perfect the measures that have been rushed through in the last few years, and we can do without any new measures for at least five years.

The present salaries of our high officers of State are altogether inadequate to retain the country's finest brains, and that is the reason why our best statesmen have to go to the "City" to earn a livelihood, yet a red-nosed comedian doing about 40 minutes' show at our music halls gets a salary of £200 per week, which is another instance of our warped sense of proportion.

And let the popular press have a settled policy of politics and cease to try to run with the hare and hold with the hounds.—*A Working Man.*

[A further selection of readers' views will appear next week.]

Miss

1929

By Joan
Kennedy

GLADYS PETO.

Undomesticated—yes! But then she will remind you that it was never the domesticated women who made history.

Selfish, pleasure-loving and ambitious . . . "All head and little heart"—until Cupid comes.

worth something if it is to be hers. All things beautiful and expensive appeal to her and, in some way, she acquires them. Her *pochette* carries the latest clasp, her slim throat is encircled with the last word in necklets.

Self comes first—her lovely, worth-while self. She has a high opinion of her value, and you do not often find her spoiling the bread and spilling the wine of her womanhood. A man may know the taste of her lip-stick—for she learns by kissing—but she can be her own chaperon.

Never for her self-sacrifice. She uses everybody who touches her young life as stepping-stones, and in the give-and-take of life she does all the taking.

WHY SHE SHEDS NO TEARS.

"ALL head and little heart"—such is the impression we voice of her. The external Eve is so lovely and men are her slaves. Well enough she knows that man, like the birds, steers from a scarecrow, but is captured by the decorated snare.

Oh, yes! She is a puzzle to us. She means to be that.

And yet—

What lies beneath it all?

She appears callous, heartless, self-seeking. But is she? Certainly she does not wear her heart upon her sleeve. Those who love her are hurt by her self-control, her coldness. She never weeps, knowing that tears will make her eyelashes run, that emotion might make her nose red. But many a restless woman of forty envies her her poise and balance.

"These modern—very modern girls! Heaven knows what they are out for!" we cry. "They seem to be nothing but little gold-diggers!"

And then, one day, as to millions of Eves before her, Love comes and she is vanquished. The calculations she made are swept aside by Cupid. Her defences are proved

to be no stronger than have been those of all women down the ages. She is eternal Eve, just as much as was primitive woman in the early days of the world.

We thought her a gold-digger, but she changes into a home-maker, finding her good times as women have always found them since the world began.

SLIM-BODIED, silken-clad, self-seeking little Miss 1929, elusive and lovely, she stands poised before us. Undomesticated—yes! But then she will remind you that it was never the domesticated women who made history.

When she fox-trotted in the New Year she made one resolution. It entails the packing of "good times" into every month of it—and she has made a good beginning.

Yesterday she seemed a child. To-day she is a woman—and a woman of the world, or so she would have you believe. To her elders it is an astounding puzzle as to how she acquired the knowledge, the self-possession, the adroitness she possesses.

That knowledge is varied. It covers the ingredients of the latest cocktail, the choice of a silk stocking, the best method for a mud pack, the ways of a man and the meanings thereof.

LIFE, LAUGHTER, AND A LATCH-KEY.

THE self-possession she shows is sublime. Whether she gains it by the perfection of her turn-out—for she is essentially *soignée*—or by an iron self-control, it is difficult to say, but it is there. From the line of her shingle down to her slick ankles she is undisturbed. She would not wear a stocking of synthetic silk to save her life.

Her adroitness is equally astounding. It is more of the mind than the fingers, though it does show in her feet. In dancing there is little left for her to learn. She can change her step as easily as she can change the subject when you seek to lecture her.

She is altogether too elusive for those of us who have grown older, seeming cold, too self-possessed, hard and ambitious, yet so lovely to the eye. We cannot pin her down. Life, laughter and a latch-key—she claims the right to them.

Pleasure appears to be her god. Work may be a necessity connected with existence, but play is essential to her life. And she plays well.

If you can dine her and wine her, drive her in a car or call up unlimited taxis, if you can open the doors of gilded haunts, buy theatre tickets and the best chocolates and generally provide a setting which gives her slim perfection a chance to air itself to advantage, she will be yours for the moment.

THE ART OF ACQUISITION.

SHE can acquire—but she can also discard. She quickly discards the cavalier who shows a tendency to what she calls meanness, who does not come up to that standard she has set, who places a pebble where a rose-leaf should be. Just what her goal is few know. She appears to have set herself to acquire beauty and to do the best she can for herself—from the stockings she wears to the husband she intends shall buy those of the future. She is very particular on the stocking question.

Some code she has—some standard. It would seem to be ambitious, but concerned entirely with her lovely self.

Very deliberate she is, from the choice of her friends to the spoken words which fall from her well-waxed lips. A thing must be



Dine her and wine her. . . she will be yours for the moment.

The LAKE

WHAT was the loathsome beast which haunted the Canadian fox farm and cost settlers their lives?

THE man who sold me the place was frightened. That was the reason I got it cheap. If he had added another fifty dollars to the cash payment I couldn't have raised it without selling my foxes, and if I sold my foxes the place was no good to me. You couldn't grow anything on it; there was no water. That is, there was none for irrigation. But there was water; too much of it. If there hadn't been, or if I had been man enough to accept my loss—but perhaps his number was up, and I'm taking the thing unreasonably hard.

Yesterday I attended the inquest when the jury brought in a verdict of death from heart failure, but if Boston Towers had a weak heart, how was it he lived comfortably for more than a year at an altitude of twenty-eight hundred feet? I asked the coroner that, and he looked rather put out and muttered something about the lungs having no water in them. When he added that the jury had reached their decision and the inquest was over, I took the hint and came home, but I haven't got rid of the uneasy feeling that in a way I'm responsible for what happened.

I don't mean to say that I didn't warn him about the place. I told him the whole story before I signed the papers. But he laughed, and I joined in or pretended to. The man who sold to me didn't laugh. I did all the laughing then, and it was just about the last laughing I did until I put Boston Towers' marked cheque in my pocket and wished him luck.

I WAS mighty glad to get the place when I came back to Canada in the summer of nineteen. The post-war slump had set in all over the country. I stopped off for a day in Winnipeg to size up the chances there, but they were staging a showdown with The One Big Union. To this day I don't know what The One Big Union wanted, but I expect it wanted the earth, like other unions not so big. Anyway, after five years of war the Citizens' Army lined up in front of the City Hall didn't look so good to me, and when I climbed on the Imperial Limited that night I was patting myself that I'd taken my discharge in British Columbia. After tramping the streets of Vancouver for a month looking for work I didn't pat myself quite so hard nor so often.

Every place I applied they were full up. Sorry that I was so late in getting back; if it had been six months ago they might have done something for me, but there were no vacancies now. I took it on high for awhile and joked and said that if I'd known I cer-

tainly wouldn't have hung around over there until the Allies took their curtain call. But after a while it got serious. My war gratuity wasn't getting any bigger, and the smaller it got the more anxious everybody was to get it away from me. They tried me with everything, from chickens to musk rats and bees to foxes, and I fell for the foxes.

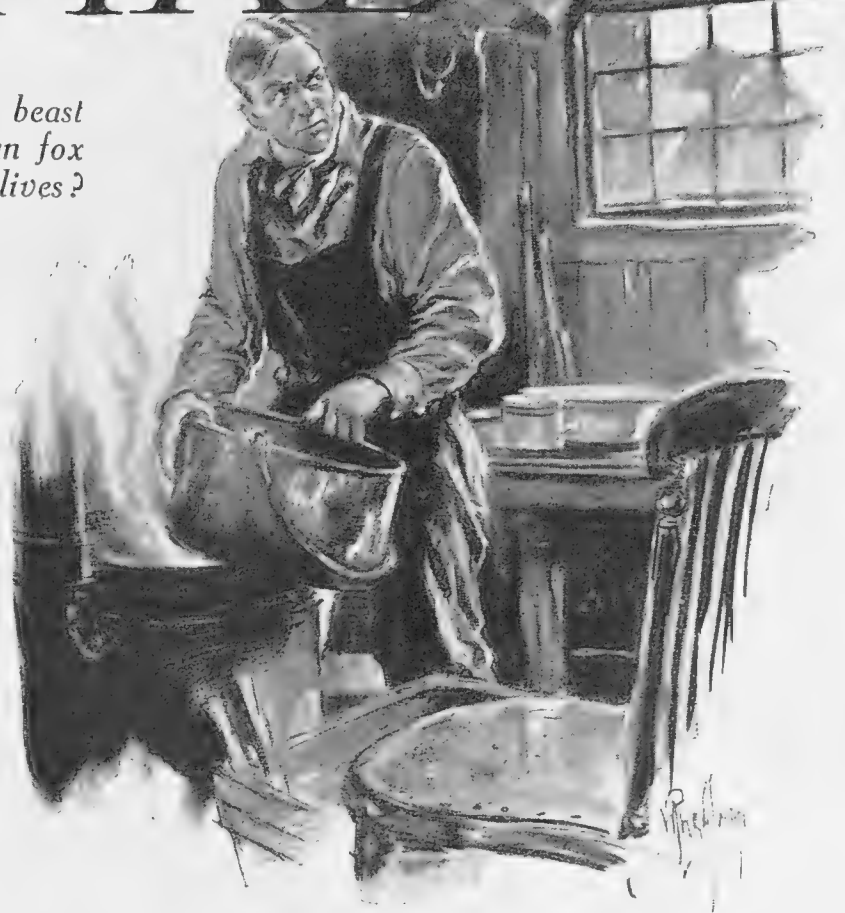
I don't suppose I could have done better. The man who sold me the place was square, and when he realised that I'd cashed in on my life insurance to buy two of his registered stock and hadn't a place in the world to put them, he boarded the pair while I looked around, and didn't charge a cent for their keep. It was through him that I got in touch with George Elcher, who let me have the place for what was left of my gratuity.

I SHOULD never have bought it, but having bought it I should have taken my loss. Knowing what I knew I had no right in the world to sell to anyone. At that it was the prettiest place you ever saw. There wasn't more than two hundred acres of it, but it had the whole valley to itself. Situated on the western slope the house was built of

logs, and from the back door to the top of the Fisher Hill the pines stood thick as wheat. Straight and tall and vermilion trunked they were, but they threw a shadow in winter that made the house dark at noonday.

It was August when I moved in, and I was grateful for them then. After I got my pens built and my foxes moved in, the place sure looked good to me. It looked good to me to-day when we carried out the coffin and locked the door behind us.

THE first thing I noticed out of the ordinary, after I got settled, was a shadow that passed the kitchen window. There wasn't any question of my imagining it. George Elcher's story hadn't made any impression on me. If it had I wouldn't have gone to open the door so often for the man I thought had passed the window. There was never anyone there, and after a while I got out of the way of going to the door. But all the time I lived there that shadow passed by the window—not every day, you understand, nor every second day even, but often enough for a shadow.



The first thing I noticed out of the ordinary was a shadow that passed the kitchen window.

By Mabel Broughton Billett

I couldn't have a dog around on account of the foxes, and I began to see why the place had got on Elcher's nerves. The house was built on the wrong slope. All summer long the sun beat down on the veranda in front, but quite early in the fall I only got it for a few hours in the morning, and in winter I lit the coal-oil lamp at half-past two.

I asked the postmaster down at the village who on earth had been fool enough to build the house on the Western side of the valley, and he seemed surprised and said, "I thought Elcher told you all about the place when you bought."

"He told me a crazy lingo about the well, if that's what you mean, but he didn't tell me that in winter the house would be as dark as a dug-out."

The postmaster looked worried.

"I wish you hadn't bought it," he said finally.

"Well, I have bought it, and now what's wrong with it apart from everything?"

He closed the wicket and a minute later came out through the door that led from the post-office to the store.

"Sit down," he said, and I pulled a chair up to the rusty stove and sat down. He fidgeted about a little, filled his pipe and lit it, and at last got down to his story.

"A YEAR before the war," he began slowly, "an Englishman came into the Nicola Valley and began to look round for land. It wasn't long before everyone knew that he had ten thousand dollars to pay for a ranch, and someone wished a lemon on him and sold him the place you have now. It had been a wet summer for this part of the country, and so there was a little hay and alfalfa on the land, and the owners told him that there hadn't been a drop of rain for months and that they had irrigated for the crop they had.

"They must have been laying for him or someone like him, for they had dug a fine irrigation ditch along one side of the property, and they told him all he had to do was to fill out a paper, send it to Victoria with a money order for two-fifty attached, and the Water Commissioner would turn the water into his ditch right away. As a matter of fact there was no water nearer than the river, and that was half a mile away and downhill, but the Englishman didn't know that, and the thugs didn't let him out of their sight until they had his ten thousand dollars and he had the land.

"As soon as he got his title he sat down and made out his requisition and sent it off to Victoria with a postal note for two dollars and fifty cents. I wrote the postal note and I hadn't the pluck to tell him what he was up against, he looked so fine and happy and determined to make things go in the colonies.

"They took their time about his application down at Victoria, but at last a letter came back marked 'Office of the Water Commissioner,' and he put it in his pocket and went off proud as Punch without opening it.

"I didn't see him for quite a while after that, and when I did I thought he looked a little queer, but he never said a word. I think he commenced to build the house before he realised how hopeless the proposition was, and as you say he put it on the wrong side of the valley. He cut down the trees and trimmed off the logs himself, and the neighbours, feeling a little sorry for him, took their teams and lent a hand. There are some pretty handy men ranching in this

valley, so the house wasn't long in the building and was well built at that. We made it as pretty as we could and as roomy, for we understood that there was a girl coming out from England.

"She never came, and the way things turned out it was a good thing, for he went a little queer the first winter. Perhaps, though, if she had come things mightn't have turned out the way they did, but she

gold cuff links, and a dandy repeater watch. He asked me if he might auction them off in my store, and I told him to hop to it. So after the wicket was closed and the boys were standing around reading their letters and swapping stories he stood up on top of the counter and commenced his sale. The bidding was quite spirited, especially for the watch. He cleaned up about forty dollars and then turned round and asked

the men to come and work for him; he was going to dig a well.

"At that almost everyone there volunteered to give him a day. The auction sale had rather got them, and they were



didn't come and he stuck it out alone. Too much darkness isn't good for a man who has lost his stake and whose girl has gone back on him. We didn't see much of him either. The road is bad at any time and that winter it was choked with snow. When spring came we noticed he was getting queer. He used to walk from end to end of the Fisher Valley with a staff in his hand, tapping for water. Of course I know all water diviners aren't crazy, but this one was, and at that he got water.

"HE came down here one night with his revolver, not to shoot anyone, you understand, but to sell. He had a few other things, leather leggin's and solid

pretty sore to think that a man could come into the Nicola Valley with ten thousand dollars and get cleaned up so thoroughly that he'd have to sell his few things to dig a well.

"It was arranged that three men would come every day. That would provide a man for the windlass, a man to empty the bucket and clear away, and two men down in the well to dig. I don't believe that any one of those men who volunteered to help expected to get water, but no one said a word to discourage the chap, even after they'd dug for days and were too deep down for water.

"It must have been about the seventh day; anyway all the men had taken a shift

and there must have been twenty of them volunteered; there had been some talk in the store the night before about giving it up, no one liked to tell him, but they were getting down too deep to be healthy, and this digging couldn't go on all summer. Finally it was agreed that the three who had taken the first trek should give him one day more; after that they were through. Everyone was through.

"All the morning the Englishman dug like mad. He was just about all in when at twelve o'clock they hauled him to the surface for lunch. So Chris Wade said he would take the windlass and the Englishman could dump. The other two went down the well.

"They hadn't been down more than an hour when as Chris was lowering the bucket

them. There was a roar and it seemed only the next minute that the water was at the top of the well and sluicing all over the place. He stuck to his windlass and wound for dear life while the Englishman stood by ready to grab whatever came up.

"But nothing came, except, after a while, an empty bucket.

to the funeral and then went back to his job. Just about that time war broke out, and in the excitement of the next few days people forgot all about the man and his cursed well.

"It must have been about the end of August that a cable came from his mother, saying that his old regiment had suffered heavily on the retreat from Mons, and asking him to come over right away, and if he needed money to cable her. When I was taking it off the wire I began to get uneasy, remembering that I hadn't seen the chap since that day of the funeral. I took the message over myself. A lot of starlings were sitting on the roof of the house looking like paid mourners in their shabby black, and I didn't waste any time in getting over to the well.

"Right away I saw that it was more than half filled in and that there was something there that shouldn't be; I didn't go down. There was a rough ladder propped against the side and reaching to the top of the well, but I could see enough from where I stood. It was getting dark, but I may as well own up that if it hadn't been I wouldn't have gone down.

"I waited until the mail was sorted, because there wasn't any hurry now, then I told the boys and we got lanterns and went up the hill and brought the body down to the village. There was an inquest, of course; the jury brought in a verdict of accidental death, and that was what we cabled his people, but the curious thing was his neck was broken, and there were marks on his

throat that no man should get in a fall. And the ground around the well looked as though a struggle of some sort had taken place. The foreman of the jury said that he might have had a fit, and we agreed he might have

he felt a tremendous strain on the rope and looked over to see what the trouble was. Both men had grabbed at it as it came down and were hanging on for dear life. He yelled for one of them to let go, that he couldn't pull them both up at once, and they'd break the rope. They never answered a word, just looked up at him. Their faces were working horribly, and they were making hideous efforts to pull themselves up overhand.

"One tried to push the other off, but he says he doesn't know which one it was, their faces were so distorted that he wouldn't have known who they were if he hadn't let them down into the well within the hour. Anyway, he didn't have much time to look at

He stuck to his windlass and wound for dear life, while the Englishman stood by ready to grab whatever came up.

THE two men hung around for a while and then Chris came down the hill for grappling irons, but by the time he got back you couldn't see where the well was, for the water lay all over the fields and was spilling out of the valley down the road. About noon the next day it commenced to go down, but by that time no one would go near the well, and you couldn't blame them. It wasn't as though there was any hope of saving a life. The Englishman stuck to it, though, and grappled for the bodies for days. When he got them he commenced to fill in the well. He stopped work to come

BUT there was a school teacher from Washington State taking her vacation in the valley. She belonged to what she called the esoteric branch of the theological society, and was a born fool. What did she do but write a long windy article for some occult journal, giving the details of the three tragedies and hinting that perhaps they were due to the presence of a water elemental in the well. The *Vancouver Times* featured it in their Sunday edition and we were in for a lot of publicity we didn't want.

"The American Society of Psychic Research investigated us and said we were all frauds. After calling attention to other notorious cases they regretted the fact that



THE LAKE—continued.



I lunged desperately with my pole, and the impact told me that I had found my enemy, but the next moment oozy slimy fingers closed on my throat and held me powerless in a terrible grip of death.

people in isolated communities would do anything or go to any lengths to focus public attention on themselves.

"When we read that we were so mad that we took our shovels and filled in the well.

"After a while everyone forgot all about us in reading the flaming headlines of the war, but one man remembered and didn't hold our isolation against us, for about two weeks before the United States came into line with the Allies he found his way into the valley and bought the place behind the Fisher Hill for the taxes against it. That was Elcher who sold to you, and he wasn't taking any chance of being caught in the draft and having to fight against Germany.

"He was a thoughtful, scientific sort of chap, and he reopened the well, but first he dug a trench to divert the overflow if there should be any into the irrigation ditch. None of us would work for him, so he did it alone. His wife was a big strong German

woman, and she turned the windlass while he dug. When he got down deep he tied two air pillows to his belt; but he didn't need them. This time the water came in gradually, and he got to the top all right.

"For a long time there wasn't any overflow from the well, but finally it came and filled his ditch, and the first summer he was on the place he harvested three crops of alfalfa. But the winter before you came into the valley the darkness of that house began to get on his nerves. He began to bring his wife down with him when he came for the mail in the evening. Said he didn't like to leave her alone up there. They had only one horse, and the weather was cruel that winter; but every night she rode down with him and he tramped along at her side. They were good people, but none of us ever had anything to do with them.

"After they got their mail they would hang around the store as long as they could pricing things, and then they would start

off up the hill again. I never encouraged them to stay, not wanting any trouble in the store. You men who went overseas have no idea how touchy the people were who stayed at home.

"Elcher and his wife stuck it out until the war was over, and then they pulled up stakes and went back to Washington State. Things must have been different there from what they expected, for in two or three weeks they were back and settled down for another winter.

"THE following spring there was a lot of snow in the hills, and the rivers were higher than ever before in the Nicola Valley. I think their well must have been linked up with some subterranean spring, for it began to act up again, and one night they hightailed down the Fisher Hill and asked me to take them in; they weren't going back. They never did go back, not for their clothes or anything.

"He said that the irrigation ditch overflowed, and the water came right up to the house. They had to take refuge up the Fisher Hill and stay there until it went down. Funny thing is that at that time they hadn't any notion of leaving the place. It was when they went back they got the scare; but he never said what it was. Did he tell you?"

As a matter of fact he had told me, but I wasn't telling the postmaster. I was beginning to think that I might get hold of another place just as good for the foxes and better for me, and if I intended to get out the money I had put in, there was no use spreading a lot of bunk.

Anyway, there was no danger now from the irrigation ditch, for when I took over the place the first thing I did was to fill up the trench that Elcher had dug.

There was a deep gully between the Fisher Hill and Mamquam Peak, and I dug a channel from this to the well. It had been a dry summer, and the water was low, so I could afford to take my time, but several of the ranchers' sons had been overseas with me, and when they heard what I was trying to do they brought their dads' teams and lent a hand. With their help I widened the gully at its mouth and made the prettiest little artificial lake you ever saw. In the early autumn it was bone dry, but when October came and brought the rains, the well did its stunt, and in the centre you could have floated a yawl.

And all the time the fox pens in the clearing below the house were as dry as a bone. It was certainly ideal for foxes. High and dry and cold enough in the winter for them to rustle themselves good pelts. I didn't like the place, I admit, and the darkness that winter got me something fierce; but when the pupping season came and the vixen threw a litter of six, I was mighty glad that I was as far away from everyone as I was. The fox mothers are the scariest you ever saw. Let a stranger come near the pens, and like as not they will kill the cubs and lay them out in a row. So I didn't think any more of moving over Mamquam Peak into the next valley.

UP to this time I had been living and feeding the foxes on what I could make by working an occasional day for the ranchers round about, but that summer I sold a pair of the babies and began to take things easier, and the easier I took things the less I liked the place. I had grown used to the shadow; if it hadn't come for a week I'd have gone

(Continued on page 116.)

THE FAILURE of AMANULLAH

The following article throws an entirely new light on King Amanullah's attempt to impose Western reforms upon the most unchanging country in the East.—There is revealed the story of a pathetic failure, in which corruption, bribery and treachery all played their sinister parts.

By ROLAND G. WILD

MODERNITY on Western standards has recorded its greatest failure. It is now certain that Afghanistan, for so long called "the forbidden country," will be once again forbidden for Europeans, at least holding British passports, for more than two years to come. Chaos has followed an ambitious, but eventually pathetic, attempt to impose Western civilisation on one of the most backward nations in the world, and the whole progress of that programme so courageously but mistakenly put forward by King Amanullah, then almost a fanatic for the Western civilisation of which he was given such an idealistic glimpse, has been checked indefinitely.

The full story has never yet been told. It is a story unpleasant for Western eyes to read, a tale of heroic failure and base treachery, a tale of graft and bribery on a

scene of Afghan beauty, the plain of Kabul ringed by hills, the dark and mysterious city to one side, the foothills of the mighty Hindu Kush to the other.

The British minister knew then that the end was in sight. He could not have expected it so soon, but it is certain that he had read the omens right, and that his conclusions were to the effect that the present régime could not last at its rapid rate of progress. For that week King Amanullah, in a travesty of Italian architecture and landscape gardening that he had erected in his summer capital, had announced to one of the strangest assemblies the world has ever seen his proposals for the coming year

They cut right across Mahomedan and Sikh religion. They uprooted the customs of the East, denied the rights of centuries, laughed at beliefs held for thousands of years in the most conservative country in the world, incited officialdom to yet more heights of audacious bribery and foretold an even greater measure of taxation for the peasantry.

deprived the wild hillmen of their loose, baggy clothes, their wound turbans, and their loose, decorative shoes, giving them in exchange clothes on the European model cut from stiff thick country cloth.

TAXATION AND STARVATION.

AFTER that momentous week, however, when I saw the despot delivering that speech that was to ring round the world,



The Queen of Afghanistan in Western dress which did not appeal to the Afghans.

there were worse events that must have hurried the present revolution. It became known that new rights had been given to officials. It became known that the building of that hated city in Kabul Plain, which was to cost even greater taxation to the peasantry, would also mean the removal of the age-old and wicked bazaar of Kabul from its beloved haunt. Meanwhile men were starving, and not a mile from the British Legation a granary was robbed from the premises of a prominent official. Starving men, that meant.

All through the ranks of the King's new bureaucracy there ran faster and faster the scourge of bribery and corruption. It was a case of gaining while the gaining was good. There was no time for caution; there was money to be made and many people to make it from.

European firms were in the huge-scale swindles. To obtain orders, officials had to have their bribes. To obtain passports, clerks and minor officials had to be placated. To be safe, the police were there to be made friends of. And so it went on.

BRIBERY IN FULL SWING.

THE King made another speech, emphasising his determination to stop the scourge that has always been with the East. He promised the utmost severity of the law against officials convicted of corruption,



The British Legation at Kabul, above which the Union Jack flies, was heavily bombed.

scale that we of the West can hardly appreciate. Yet it is true, and now that the extreme course has been taken and women and children evacuated from the danger zone, it is possible to reveal some of the chapters which have led up to this dramatic, but hardly unexpected, finale.

THE END PREDICTED.

FOR this end was not unexpected. It was only a few months ago that Sir Francis Humphrys, the British Minister in Kabul, was explaining to me his exact course of action in the event of the British Legation being surrounded by rebels and he and his household being left dependent on the small force, maintained only for ceremonial purposes, which manned the building.

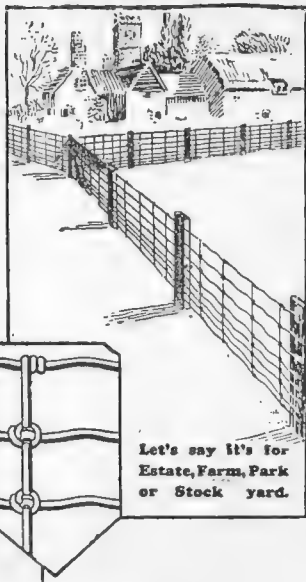
We stood on the walls surrounding the Legation while he surveyed the rugged

The story is well enough known of how he forced European clothes, albeit cut in a Kabul bazaar, on the wild hillmen whom he summoned to Faghman Independence Week. Equally well known is it how the despot ordered the shaving of heads long regarded as sacred while they grew long hair and a beard. It is known also how he



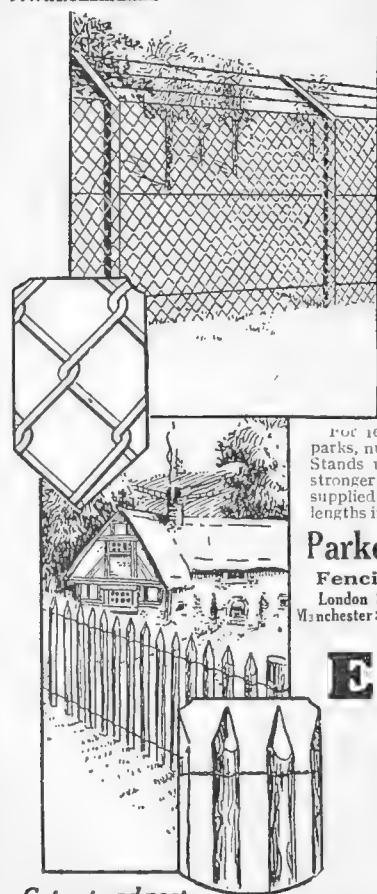
Sir Francis Humphrys, British Minister at Kabul, who was ordered to seek safety at Peshawar.

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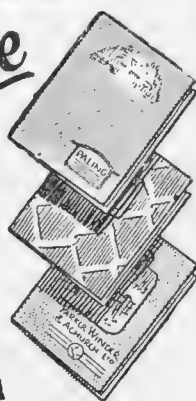
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THE FAILURE OF AMANULLAH—continued.



The vital conference at which King Amanullah agreed to abandon his reforms.

while around him there sat a mingled company of men, high and low, living at three or four times the rate their salaries entitled them to.

European professional men—there were no English in the service of the King—stayed on in hope. Unpaid for several months, they nevertheless chose the lesser of several evils, and while their Government hotel bill was paid, and living remained cheap, they were content to await the end. With no work to do, for, with the extensive official bribery system in full swing, there was little time for anything else, they laughed away the long months before the end with commendable sangfroid, knowing that the miracle might happen and they be rewarded by a sudden disbursement of the Treasury.

The Treasury, however, was empty. Promises of huge rewards had kept supplies going. The Army discipline, aided by Turkish officers, had kept an unpaid army more or less firm, and meanwhile Afghan stock the world over was soaring through the optimistic reports issued by Afghan official circles concerning huge mineral wealth about to be worked, huge markets for foreign traders only then expanding under the beneficent influences of the new régime.

A COMIC OPERA!

THE artificial side of Afghanistan went on. New experiments were tried, the Afghan Consuls issued rose-coloured reports of the safety of the road to

Kabul, and of the high civilisation to be expected there. I saw an English touring company up there trying to put on a show at the new and huge cinema. The first night the women refused to change for their performance as they could not get the soldiers and police out of their dressing rooms.

King Amanullah played tennis in public, and the car given by King George to the Royal House of Afghanistan rolled round the shaded roads of Paghman through an avenue of poplar trees and bunting.

That was Independence Week, and as a direct result of it, the true Afghan showed his independence. He has returned to his natural self. There are no European clothes to be seen in Kabul, no French hats, no pointed shoes, no smartly cut suits and overcoats. The Afghan has returned to his comfortable baggy trousers, his loose turban, his picturesque, turned-up shoes. The end of the experiment has come, with the King as courageous, as full of bravado, and as confident as ever.

Meanwhile the British flag flies still in Kabul, over a shell-shattered Legation from which British planes have taken the women and children. The most stupendous effort ever made in history to "hurry the East" has ended in much the same way as Kipling warned.

We may possibly find it in us to blame the receptions, the naval reviews, and the military honours which met King Amanullah on his tour of Europe



British aeroplanes in Kabul waiting to carry European passengers out of the danger zone.

The Countryside

Winter in the Woodlands

By E. T. BROWN

The leaves are gone from the trees, but the interlacing of the bare twigs against the evening sky is entrancing, and the busy straggling companies of tits relieve the stillness of winter. The jays go steadily about their unhallowed business, conscious that there is a price on their heads.

A WOODLAND WALK.

IN the woods more than anywhere else is the difference between summer and winter most marked. This is the case at least so far as bird life is concerned, and many of us in our walks take more note of the birds than of any other single factor that goes to make up the impression of nature at a particular season. The general aspect of the face of the

countryside gives the keynote, and the birds supply a living commentary.

A DEAD COUNTRYSIDE.

APART from the birds, the woods are certainly no more changed than the open country. The tilled land and the pastures and

hedges become, if anything, more dead than the woods through the fall of the leaves, the collapse of the grass, and the gathering in of the crops.

In the woods, too, the tree trunks are the same in winter as in summer, a substantial element of continuity that largely counteracts the violence of the change in the carpeting and underbush; for violent indeed we should find it if only our memories were a little longer and more vivid. The leaves are gone from the trees; but the beautiful interlacing of the bare twigs against the evening sky is enough to reconcile one to a few months' loss of the leaves.

THE FEWNESS OF THE BIRDS.

PERHAPS the feature of the winter woods that contributes most to their air of deadness

is the reduction in bird life. One recent afternoon I was standing against the trunk of a tree in a quiet stretch of woodland. The chief element of colour, sound, and motion was given by a few chaffinches, with their ringing call of "fink-fink," and the bright feathers they showed in flitting here and there among the bare bushes. When the chaffinches were quiet or out of sight for a time, the hush that rested on the wood was remarkable.

I thought of the same place as it was in the summer—as it would be again in five months' time. In a straggling bramble bush beside the keeper's track there had been a white-throat's nest; as I passed the bird used to look out through a little gap in the leaves, hesitating whether to sit close or fly. At that time the bramble was full of leaves, and matted thickly with grass blades and dog's-mercury springing from the ground below.

THE EVER-BUSY TITS.

ON all hands there was the greenness and richness that come of freshly moving sap: and the whole wood was stirring with the life which the summer birds bring back with them in April—chiffchaffs, wood-wrens, blackbirds and thrushes singing by the dozen from the high trees, and from the underbush dozens again of willow-wrens, blackcaps, garden-warblers, and many other minor but still persistent and pleasing singers. The more clearly one can recall the wonderful chorus of these woods in early summer, the more dead does the present stillness seem.

Presently the stillness is agreeably broken by a party of tits. Of all the birds you may find in the woods in winter, the various kinds of tits do the most to relieve the quiet. They go about in busy, straggling companies, calling cheerfully to one another,



Out of the woodland on to the highway.



Ducks returning from their skating near Popham, Hants.

WINTER IN THE WOODLANDS—continued.

probing and scrutinising crevices in bark, hanging under the twigs to pick minute insects from the buds; but when they have passed on, leaving a seemingly greater stillness than before.

Another bird that is never long in showing himself is the robin. One came up to inspect me directly after I had taken my stand by the tree. He has since been taking stock of me from all points, at a radius of a few yards, and now he has lighted on a twig only a foot or two away. The twig is still springing gently up and down under him; but he keeps his head in one place, in a manner peculiar to robins, so that his full black eye is a fixed point.

But the robin does nothing to disturb the winter hush in the woods. On the contrary, he is the feathered embodiment of it. All his ways at this time of the year suggest that he is fully conscious of it, and unwilling to break it unnecessarily. When he has to change his position, as when he flits to a fresh perch or alters the cock of his head, he does it with a soft suddenness, and then holds himself rigidly still.



A snow carpet in the woods.

THE PIGEON AND THE JAY.

A FLOCK of wood pigeons wheel hastily round above the tops of the trees, and

basis in the nests concealed all about in the green hedges and the long grass—we see now a very general concentration into flocks.

the cause of their uneasiness is apparent when a sparrowhawk crosses higher up. The most startling shock upon the quietness, however, comes a minute later. A couple of jays, going stealthily about their unhallowed business, have marked me from a good distance through the trees, and now set up their well-known scolding cry, the harshest and most violent voice of the whole woodland.

As at length I move from my post the outcry is redoubled, but is soon lost. Jays seem to know that there is a price on their heads, and they seldom take needless risks. On the edge of the wood I hear a nuthatch, and a green woodpecker flies back out of some hedgerow oaks.

WINTER IN THE OPEN.

It is not often that you will visit a wood, even in the depth of winter, without finding something of interest among the birds. But the impression of dead stillness is always uppermost. There is nothing at all like it in the ordinary open country. The bird life of the fields in winter is very different from that of the summer, but it is often almost as animated. The kinds of birds are fewer, and instead of the diffusion characteristic of the summer

—a diffusion that has its

FEBRUARY WORK FOR THE SMALLHOLDER

RARELY does the amateur gardener venture to sow any seeds in the open so early in the season. This is owing to the fear that, as a result of a continued spell of wintry weather, the seed may lie idle so long in the wet, cold earth that it will rot. There is certainly always that risk, but those who desire early crops should be prepared to accept it, and ought to regard these early sowings somewhat in the light of a fairly safe speculation.

Peas and broad beans are the most useful subjects with which to venture, a February sowing ensuring a supply of pods at a time when they are looked upon as the greatest delicacy. Of course, one has to choose a favourable day for seeding, a day following a spell of sunshine, when the surface soil is more or less dry, and at least can be broken up to

fine tilth with the aid of the fork and rake. It may be necessary to give the plot two or three rakings on successive days before sowing can begin, these stirrings of the soil helping to dry it. The seed needs to be buried quite two inches deep, and should be sown much more thickly than usual.

ASPARAGUS BEDS—NEW AND OLD.

A considerable amount of care, time and skill are necessary in making an asparagus bed. First of all, the site must be pegged out, at any length, but five feet wide. From this site the top spit of soil must be dug and deposited half on one side and half on the other, thus forming a flattened ridge on each side. On each ridge is placed a good dressing of well-rotted manure.

Next the second spit of soil is dug away from the site, and

that, too, is equally divided between the two ridges and covered with more manure. The bottom of the pit is then stirred with a fork and given a dressing of leaf-mould and wood ashes, and finally the soil taken out is returned, the manured layers being well mixed with it in the process.

Old asparagus beds are difficult to clean thoroughly owing to the danger of injuring the crowns, but careful forking will enable most of the weeds to be removed, while those that remain must be pulled out by hand.

As soon as the surface is absolutely clean a mulching of manure may be spread on, or, if such material is not available for the purpose, leaves about half-decayed can be utilised to advantage. Whether a dressing of salt shall go in front of the mulch must be a matter for individual decision. On light, sandy soils it is indisputably beneficial, but on cold, heavy land it is apt to do more harm than good.

THE POPULAR LETTUCE.

There is always a keen demand for lettuces, and if one produces more than are required at home the surplus may be sold at a high price. To grow them successfully, a foot of good garden soil should be placed in the frame, with a fine layer of road grit scattered on it. This should be beaten down and raked till it is quite fine. The next thing to do is to draw shallow drills eight inches apart, and in them sow thinly the seed of such quick-heating varieties as Commodore Nut, Petite Noire, or All-the-Year-Round.

If the seed bed is at all dry, water it well both before and after sowing the seed. Keep the lights closed till the seedlings appear, then give plenty of air on all favourable occasions, both night and day. Plenty of water is also necessary, but in cold weather it should have the chill taken off it. E. T. BROWN.

BIRD SANCTUARIES

Where we can conjure the wild fowls out of the air and study at leisure the book of the living bird.

By Marion Cran

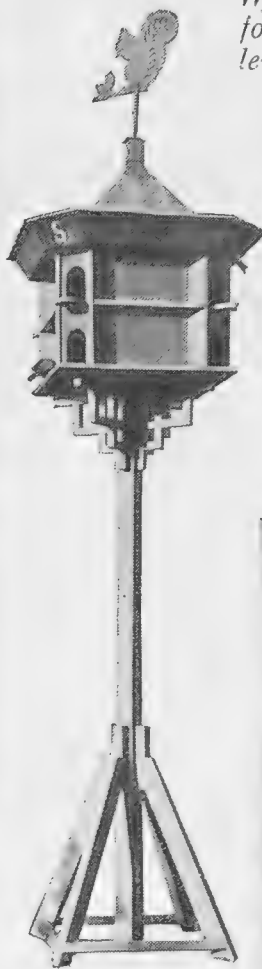


THE word "Sanctuary" has a holiness in its sound, it is a shelter for the persecuted, a place of refuge for the hunted. Home is our sanctuary from the world, from the hunting, harrying, demanding world. And when people speak of "bird sanctuaries" the heart inclines itself toward the kind sound of the words, feeling in a moment the driven and persecuted life of birds, and what it must mean to them to have somewhere a sure refuge.

WE, the general public, cannot enjoy the fascinating pleasure of observing the love romances and the life stories of the beautiful wild creatures safeguarded in the large areas under specially organised supervision, we can but rejoice that the work is being done, and uphold the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, and each one of us can, if we will, make a tiny sanctuary for the birds around the home which is our own Sanctuary; as full of interest and adventure as any part of the garden; the pond where the fish are and the moorhens and the kingfisher come is delightful, but not so absorbing as the "refectory" near the house-windows where the jays and magpies, robins, thrushes, blackbirds, tits, finches, and starlings shout themselves hoarse, push, scramble and squabble, snatch and twitter, all of a bustle to bag the best bits. No one nowadays is so ignorant

as to question the value of birds to house and garden. The young in one swallow's nest will consume on an average 800 flies a day, both mosquitoes and the disease-carrying house-fly. Sparrows are the (only) enemy of the celery fly: one plover in the nesting season will destroy 20,000 wire worms and leather jackets; an incalculable number of insects are destroyed in garden and orchard by birds whose beak is "Nature's perfect implement for finding egg, chrysalis, grub and winged imago."

FROM the centre of the bird-table spring slender arms of hand-beaten iron, on which can be hung various offerings; cocoa-nuts sawn in half, suspended on string, swaying like windbells; ribbons of bacon-rind, and necklaces of peanuts, walnuts, Barcelona and Brazil nuts threaded after shelling; or a meaty beef bone, which the magpies adore! On the table underneath these odd inflorescences of the iron stems lie scattered seeds and bread crumbs for the vegetarians, for whose sake also we plant by preference those shrubs and trees which bear the berries they love.



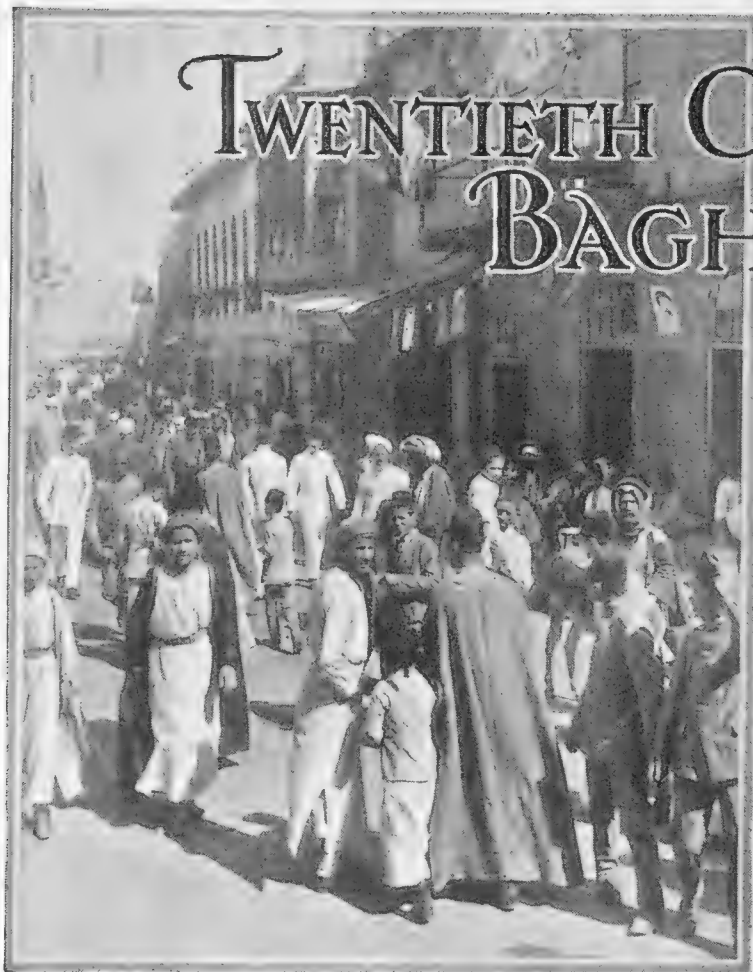
There is always interest and adventure in the garden that has a welcome to offer to the birds. And the tree-high wooden cote—the bird bath—and the bird table, with its slender arms of beaten iron, from which hang half cocoa-nuts and other much appreciated offerings, are also most decorative in effect.

GARDENING.

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A Baghdad street, with its motley collection of passers-by.

BAGHDAD boasts one street. It is an infinitely bad street, in addition to which it bears a horrible name, for it has been unromantically dubbed "New Street." It is indubitably a street in the strictest sense of the word and one feels the necessity of acknowledging gratitude to the present administration for making it, for without it one would certainly become inextricably lost in the labyrinthine alleys of the ancient city.

When the mandate or occupancy of Iraq was taken over after the war and New Street was burrowed, there was also created a railway running down the west bank of the Euphrates to Basrah. It is a splendid railway, unequalled perhaps by the old Chatham and Dover, and covers the distance of 500 miles in admirably good time. The jester's old morsel seems to fit the situation as though it were made for it: "The train has two speeds, dead slow and stop."

There is a fast train which goes once a week and travels most of the way in the lowest speed. But if one wants to visit Ur of the Chaldees and Babylon, this de luxe service has to be forgone and the slow train used. It would take a low form of mathematics to determine the speed of this train; and, as for myself, I consider it providential that I am now about to describe Baghdad and not Ur, for the fact proves conclusively that the train arrived at its destination.

It happened something like this: We left Hillah, the nearest station to Babylon, at three in the afternoon, expecting in all good faith to arrive in Baghdad in three or so hours, for the distance is not much over forty miles. But when seven of the clock had dragged its wearying limbs over the face of our watches we could bear the strain no longer, and, deciding that Baghdad was only a mythical place after all, curled up in resigned indolence and went fast asleep, utterly at ease on the hard benches of that third-class compartment, among the Arabs and Persians sitting strangely hunched up on the benches beside us. All Easterners and Orientals seem to have a calis-

The historic city of Baghdad is a strange mixture of the ancient and modern. To the European it is a city of paradoxes, carpets, coffee and gramophones.

By Raymond Scudder

thenic ability to fold themselves up into half their size, so that they are at once standing and sitting, and do it with obvious comfort.

A DRAMATIC ARRIVAL.

THE next thing that we knew was that someone was shouting vile things to us in Arabic—at least they sounded vile to the ears of semi-consciousness—and an ugly face protruded itself through the coach window, a face all bearded and hung around with draperies which I have since learned to call *chafiyahs*, the Arabic head-dresses, and this face was saying all those vile things at us. I told it in as polite English as I could command under the circumstances, which was not very polite, to go about minding its own business and not every one else's who wanted to sleep at night, and having expounded the sentiment, turned over and tried to sleep again.

But, by this time, I was more or less conscious and became gradually aware of a great hubbub outside the carriage, clanking of bells, hoof beats, guttural shoutings, whistles—and along with the noise great clouds of sand dust. And then I realised that this was Baghdad. Once out of coma the ugly face did not appear so contorted nor the salutations so oppressive. The bearded and bedraped creature was merely a coolie trying to book himself as a luggage carrier. We let him into the coach and soon we were in a *gharry* and telling the *arabana* to *ruh hessa* or move along, which he did with a large amount of clanking his bell and whipping up his horses.

ETIQUETTE OF COFFEE DRINKING.

AS we emerged from the station dust storm we began to run through a street lined on either side with *quahwas* or coffee shops, where Arabs and Kurds and Persians and Syrians sat about in crowds drinking their small blacks and chatting. The coffee drinking custom is an interesting one, and is as salient a ceremony with them as tea drinking to the mandarin. Almost all business of an Iraq town is carried on in the *quahwas*, for here the merchants meet



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The Khadimain Mosque as seen from the air.

and bargain or discuss or chat over their cups and make their contracts.

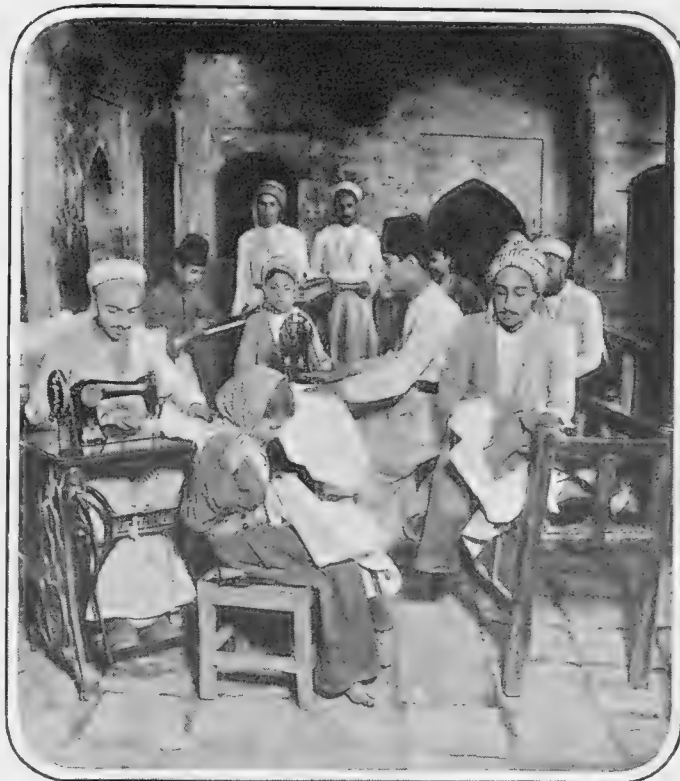
The waiter comes round with a large brass pot having a spout like the beak of some fantastic bird. In his left hand he carries small cups, fitted inside one another, and these he chinks to attract attention. When someone wishes coffee he lifts his hand, the waiter comes to him, hands him a cup, pours out a thimbleful or two of coffee and then hangs the spout of the pot over his arm until the drinker is ready for more. Three cups are prescribed by Arabian etiquette as being the maximum for consumption at one time. The drinker shakes his cup when he has had sufficient, drops an anna into the cup and hands it to the waiter, who tosses the coin into his mouth and proceeds again, clinking his cups to the next man. Sanitation is not a highly enough developed institution in Arabia to cause censure of the practice of twenty mouths to the same cup, but the Arab is not a physically ineffective looking person, which seems to indicate that germs either take no effect on his constitution or actually aid in upbuilding his immense structure.



These quaint circular boats (*kufas*) are peculiar to the Tigris and Euphrates.

THE UBIQUITOUS GRAMOPHONE.

WE presently reached the "Maude Bridge," named after the famous British general; a pontoon bridge which connects Baghdad West to Baghdad proper. After paying the required toll we drove across the River Tigris and turned into New Street. From all sides came the strains of quaint Arab songs punctuated with strains of zither music. It is always annoying to be disillusioned and I dislike serving sour anchovy, but I was disillusioned, and if misery loves company, disillusion required companionship—the music, that strange zither and voice, was all canned music, as it is vulgarly termed; music given to the atmosphere on a gramophone. Somehow gramophones are not precisely in harmony with the Baghdad of the Arabian Nights.



Baghdad tailors at work.

But the music was genuine; it would take a scholar of Arabic to read the labels on the records, and it was no less interesting because it came second or six-hundred-and-second hand. The peculiar wavering of the voice, and the intermittent zither obligatos are entirely fascinating; the whole effect seems so much more intentional than that of Indian or Siamese or Malayan music.

Even on New Street the coffee shops are numerous. The Arabs sit about on the benches, their *abbayahs*, or kimono-like outer cloaks, giving a very finished appearance to the costume. How stately the Arab looks when he is dressed in his best and walks with that steady, strong, king-like stride which characterises the race! The Iraqis are a likeable people, and the more cultivated and Westernised Arab is as fitting an appointment to a drawing room as any European.

One of the first things that strikes the eye in Baghdad is the profusion of fine carpets and tapestries everywhere—in the coffee shops, in the hotels, hanging on the walls and thrown over chairs and settees, and on the floors. And the immense thing, the thing which is not disappointing and which recalls as much as anything the pictures one naturally forms from reading, are the bazaars.



Sons of Islam are strict tectotallers. A coffee-seller with his brass pot.

ONE may walk for miles literally and be in the heart of these covered bazaars. The individual shops are small, sometimes being not more than a series of shelves, but each has wares enough and curiosities enough to keep the buyer wondering what in the place he can get along without most. Silks, brasses, tapestries, potteries, Arab clothing and Western, quaint pointed and coloured shoes, and shoes from Persia with pressed cloth soles—shops where artisans beat the copper vessels into shape before your eyes, shops where gold cloth is being woven, shops where sandals are being made, shops of confections, of fruit, of flowers, of jewellery.

The advantage of these covered areas is obvious when it is remembered that there is such a thing as Fahrenheit in Iraq.



THE LADY WITH A LAMP—Miss Muriel Akeed represents old-fashioned ideas of women's sphere as Florence Nightingale's mother in "The Lady With a Lamp," at the Garrick.

ANYONE able to give a really comprehensive answer to the question why some plays succeed and others fail, would, I suppose, be sure of not one fortune but many. This problem of a recipe for success has always baffled managers, and will doubtless be still in process of debate until the end of time.

As the failures considerably outnumber the successes, there should be more scope for theorising about causes in that direction. And, as a rule, it is a much easier task to detect—after the event—reasons why a play has gone down, than to formulate any definite canons for a constructive policy of "getting it across."

LOTS OF REASONS.

In both cases, of course, there are often many contributory elements besides the intrinsic merits or weaknesses of the original script as it leaves the author's hands—casting, production, the suitability of the theatre for that particular kind of piece, the season of the year, even the weather. And even when any or all of these can be definitely characterised by the expert as favourable or unfavourable, there still remains a wide area of the incalculable as regards the precise reaction of the audience, which is governed by no principles

Why Do PLAYS Fail?

Managers are always trying to answer this difficult question and sometimes they succeed. There are reasons to account for the failure of plays ranging from weakness of construction to the weather.

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

or standards except that "it knows what it likes."

A ROMANTIC FIGURE.

One can hazard with some confidence why the semi-historical drama *Byron*, for instance, has just come rather a cropper, closing its brief career at the Lyric after a run of only eleven days. There were things to be said in favour of the choice of subject.

Lord Byron is one of the most romantic figures of history. He could have been made the gallant hero of a colourful romance, more sinned against than sinning; or, again, the complete cynic with a refreshingly modern outlook (as Mr. Bernard Shaw might have



"LIVING TOGETHER"—Miss Ethel Irving (left) and Miss Alison Leggatt in the new *Sutro* play at Wyndham's.



MR. OWEN NARES' RETURN—As he appears in a scene in "Living Together," with Miss Phyllis Konstam and Mr. Wallace Geoffrey.

painted him); or even just a decorative silly-ass and pompously hollow idol. But the author of this piece, Mrs. Ramsey, has not permitted herself any such licence; in fact, I gather she prepared it on the basis of a most meticulous study of all the known facts about the poet.

A HEAVY HANDICAP.

The result was an episodic drama and that sort of play always starts under a handicap, though the welcome won by *The Lady with a Lamp* shows that it can be overcome by skilful writing, fine acting and thoughtful

production. In the case of *Byron* these conditions were unfortunately not conspicuous by their presence. I am told that the play reads much better than it acts; there, by the way, is indicated yet another of the "snags" in the way of pre-judging values. But the "book" in any event cannot be called distinguished.

As to the acting, Mr. Esmé Percy certainly made a figure of Byron, but it was a pos-turing, almost ranting figure that accorded more with housemaidly than historical ideas.

PUPPETS AND THE PRODUCER.

Most of the other characters, who included Thomas Moore, Walter Scott, Mme. de Stael and the Prince Regent were shadowy puppets; of the many women only Miss Dorothy Cheston as Lady Byron had a chance of acting, which she took very well.

I would not deny this play any merits; I have merely been attempting to analyse the demerits that caused the ordinary unanalytic playgoer to dismiss it with the damnatory monosyllable "Dull!" It is just, like so many others, a potentially good idea gone wrong

A PLAY ABOUT COMMUNISM.

I have something of the same feeling about *The Age of Unreason*, a much more interesting, but, in the end, also unsatisfactory play on the very different topic of modern Communism, which the Guild Players have been giving at the Arts Theatre. This little theatre, just behind Leicester Square station, is not nominally open to the public, but you can join its club membership for ten shillings a year, and the seats are not expensive.

The piece in question is by Zak Bryn, one of the younger Norwegian authors. It introduces us to a prosperous middle-class family in Norway—though it might just as well be England—in which one of the sons is bitten by the specious idealism of Communistic doctrines. The boy follows his adopted principles to the extent of leaving a comfortable home for sordid lodgings, because he doesn't want to seem better off than his "comrades," living in "free" union with the girl he loves, though she is the highly respectable daughter of the Chief of Police; and, finally, flinging a bomb into the local law courts with a total bag of one charwoman and one hall-porter killed,

John Ervine's *The Ship*, just revived at the Everyman. But here the author has stuck to one last, with a notably contrasting result. Again we have in Jack Thurlow the young man who wants to develop on his own lines, and the question is—What will become of him? But he is a much more determined and sympathetic character (albeit likewise a little bit of a prig) than the vague Nils, and the contest of wills between him and his masterful shipbuilding father is worked out to a truly dramatic conclusion.

Genuinely hating machinery, and all its works, the boy refuses to enter his father's business and takes to



WHEN PROFILE MEETS PROFILE.—Mlle. Delysia has a first and very successful "straight" part in "*Her Past*," with Mr. Paul Cavanagh as the handsome hero.

as father and son, while Miss Gertrude Kingston gives a remarkably beautiful and vigorous study as a grandmother who is a sort of improved modern Greek chorus.

[Nobody is right and nobody is wrong; that's why we ought to meet each other half-way.]

SILENT DRAMA.

I wonder whether it is the arrival of another form of silent drama that makes a wordless play such as the famous *L'Enfant Prodigue*, revived at the Everyman the other day, seem rather flat and unprofitable. When I saw it some thirty years ago it had the charm of novelty and "difference"; also, of course, youth is less discriminating and critical; furthermore, Mlle. Jane May and her company were exceptional artists. Miss Irene Mawer and Miss Ruby Ginner and theirs are highly efficient, but they lack any high inspiration of genius to make their pantomime anything more than a pretty accomplishment. Cut down to one act, the play might make a good variety turn, but it is too slight for a whole evening's entertainment.

JOYS OF "VARIETY."

Apropos of variety, I have paid one or two visits to the Palladium lately, and found the show as bright and slick as ever.

Mr. Billy Merson was one of the chief attractions, but he did not amuse me terribly; partly, I think, because he worked too hard for the grotesque effect.

CONFUSING THE ISSUES.

In this play the talk is good and natural, and the acting is excellent throughout, especially by Mr. Sebastian Shaw as the misguided boy, Mr. Norman MacOwan as his broadminded father and Miss Margaret Delamere as his unofficial wife. But the dramatist has made one serious side-slip in confusing his issues.

There is the issue of parental responsibility, of which we hear much, though quite pointed, discussion. Has the father allowed his children too much latitude, he wonders, or has he chosen wisely in giving them practically a free hand? (The children, of course, applaud him.) Then we diverge on to the issue of Communism, or rather its influence on the life of the crudely generous boy who is allowing himself to be used as its tool.

OUT OF THE BLUE.

The parental idea crops up again towards the end, when the emphasis laid on the father's illness leads us to believe that it may prove the main one. And suddenly, out of the blue, we hear, without any preparation, of the outrage, and in the same minute the boy is arrested and led off, as the final curtain falls, to what we are led to assume is inevitable death at the hands of the law. So the climax is robbed of all its dramatic value, and the carefully built up story falls to pieces.

STRAIGHTFORWARD METHOD.

Curiously enough, another play produced at one of our smaller theatres, is based on a somewhat similar theme—Mr. St.



"BONNY" OFF THE STAGE.—Miss Claire Luce, who has made a hit as Bonny in "*Burlesque*," with her fox-terrier. The piece goes to the Vaudeville next Monday.

larming; when the father is prevented by illness from sailing on his latest and most wonderful liner on her maiden voyage to America, the boy reluctantly consents under pressure to take his place; there is an iceberg wreck like that of the *Titanic*, and the boy is drowned.

Neither of the two is a creature of the theatre; their clash of ideals is a very human and natural one, and the catastrophe is the true tragedy of irony, not violent design. Richly and thoughtfully acted by Mr. Charles Carson and Mr. Hugh Williams

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT.



Frederic C. Spurr.

Religion and the Sirens' Island

By FREDERIC C. SPURR

(Pastor of Hamstead Road Baptist Church, Birmingham)

NO Public School boy can ever forget his Homer; the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. The immortal tales hold the modern boy as they held the Greeks. One story in particular makes the heart beat faster. On an island there sat the Sirens in the midst of a flowery meadow, singing their ravishing songs in order to allure sailors to their shore. Once landed they were doomed, and bleached bones witnessed to their fate. The problem was to pass by their island in safety.

Ulysses made the venture in this way: he stopped the ears of his sailors with wax so that they should not hear the deadly music, while he himself was bound to the mast with thongs. He wanted to respond to the call of the Furies, but the cords prevented. The crew sailed by in safety, the price being the sacrifice of their liberty.

Then came Orpheus the musician, who by his art could move trees and rocks, and tame wild beasts. He, too, sailed past the Isle of the Sirens. He and his men were all free; they were held back neither by wax nor thongs. It was the music of Orpheus that carried them along. He sang so much better than the Sirens that the sailors had no ears for the inferior music. The Sirens, baffled, cast themselves into the sea, and became sunken rocks.

MODERN SIRENS.

I DO not know exactly what Homer meant by that thrilling picture, but I do know that there is nothing truer to life than this old myth. Who does not know the island of the Sirens? We are sailing past it every day of our lives. Men have different names for it, and for the Sirens. The things that wear fair guise and send out attractive notes—women, men, interests—not to add to our pleasure and the joy of living, but to get us into their clutches for the purpose of stripping us.

We all know them sooner or later for what they are—the Furies. Sometimes we carry the Sirens in our own boat, not aware of what they are; but we find it out sooner

or later. The things that challenge honour, truth, goodness, chastity, straightforwardness; these are the Sirens. And they are so tricky. They never advertise the bleached bones of their former victims. They take care that we see only the fair meadow and hear the fine music.

The man of experience becomes wary in course of time; generally after he has been caught and managed to get away. But the new sailor thinks he knows. He is not going to be caught; not he. But it is just the new sailor that is caught because he is often so wise as to ignore the indexed experience of the race.

IGNORANT INNOCENCE.

NOW the problem of life is to sail past the Isle of the Sirens in safety, and with true dignity. Not safety alone but dignity, with manhood erect and free. We cannot avoid the Island; our voyage lies that way where the Sirens have installed themselves. We cannot avoid temptation unless we leave the world, and we could not avoid it even then. There are three ways of facing the Sirens.

There is the way of the waxed ears, which is the way of fear. Many parents employ it. They guard their children at home, keep them from undesirable company, prevent questionable books from entering the house, and act generally on the principle that ignorance is the equivalent to won innocence.

And the children go out into life knowing little of its meaning. They remain undeveloped. In missing the Sirens they miss also a great deal it would be good for them

to know. That method does not in the end pay. The heat of life sometimes melts the wax in the ears and then, when the song of the Sirens bursts upon youth, they are without protection, and the tragedy occurs.

THE WAY OF ORPHEUS.

THERE is the way of the thong, which is the way of bondage. Modern psychologists have shown conclusively that moral suppressions lead to moral

explosions. The man who binds himself by the thong of social convention and avoids wrong because he fears discovery, or consequences, or even the lashings of his own conscience, while all the time he secretly desires to land and yield to the spell of the Sirens, must always remain a divided man. He can never be himself and never be really free.

There is the true way of sailing past the Island; the way that leaves us free; free to see and to hear temptation's call with no

desire to yield to it. It is the way of Orpheus which provides better music on our own vessel; gives a leader who can beat the Sirens at their own game; and leaves us freedom of choice. To drop all analogy and to use the language of religion as employed by St. Paul, "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." That is scientifically true.

VISIBLE GUIDANCE.

ALL men admit the reality of the struggle between desire and right. The course of our life's voyage is set for us. There is a port to which our vessel is bound. We are not thrust out into life uncharted, undirected. Man is meant to arrive somewhere. He is not pushed out by the hand of Fate into a seething sea where he is more likely than not to founder. He carries with him a compass whose delicate needle is attuned to an invisible but real magnetic pole. We call it conscience.

But he has the visible stars also to guide him. And a chart, if he has the good sense to use it. God, conscience, the Bible! These are the great imperatives which make for right, and which command with their great "you OUGHT." That "ought" binds us. Honest men admit its eternal right to command. I ought to be true and not false. I ought to help and never to injure another. I ought to be chaste and self-controlled. I ought to be honourable and not a cad. That "ought" rings through the soul of every man. When it is obeyed, conscience approves and a man feels the satisfaction of being right. When it is disobeyed, conscience accuses, and peace departs.

PERFECT LOVE.

DESIRE is like the Song of the Sirens, which seeks to divert me from my right way. It is terribly insistent, especially when reinforced by sinister influences outside. But we must win through or be wrecked. There is no half-way place. Waxed ears will not take us through. We need to be all alert.

Thongs will not take us through. Conventional morality is slavery. At the best it leaves us in the hands of an inner police.

Again, let me use the language of religion "Perfect love casts out fear." Not until a man loves the "ought" can he be at peace, or free. But the "ought" must be personal or it cannot be loved. We don't "love" laws or things; we only love persons. The "ought" must be for us—God.

This is true religion, not simply to profess a creed or engage in genuflections, but to have within the soul the secret of the eternal music and the companionship of the Eternal Christ who makes the music. Whoever has these, need fear no Isle of the Sirens.

There are three ways of facing temptation as typified by the Sirens of ancient legend, but only one leaves us free to see and hear temptation's call with no desire to yield to it.

SHIPS *that* SPOIL in the NIGHT

Radio Comments by ROBERT W. BEARE

BROADCASTING has been in operation for about six years, and still it is

almost impossible at times in coastal districts to receive the B.B.C. or any other programmes with enjoyment on account of Morse interference from the sea. Considering the disadvantages under which seaside listeners labour, I think it is perfectly marvellous that we have not heard more complaints.

I remember writing some years ago something of an apologia on the subject: the development of broadcasting reception had been so phenomenal that it was unreasonable to expect the ships of all nations to make equal progress in the modernisation of their radio equipment. But broadcasting has now been in operation for six years; and conditions on the coast seem much the same as they were six years ago.

WASTING TIME AND MONEY.

The trouble is, of course, the flat tuning of ships' transmitters. No matter how knife-edged a degree of selectivity possessed by our receiving sets, a more or less untuned signal must spoil reception over many degrees of our tuning. It is, in fact, practically impossible to cut the transmission out. Wireless users have, to my knowledge in many hundreds of cases, tried every conceivable means to eliminate the intolerable interference from Morse without effect; and, theoretically of course, they have been wasting time and money. Wave traps and selective receivers are quite ineffective against a flatly tuned transmission, or against a completely untuned "atmospheric": you can only tune out that which is already tuned.

The argument that broadcasting is a mere means of enjoyment, and therefore not to be

It is still impossible to obtain good radio reception in some coastal districts owing to interference from ships equipped with antiquated wireless apparatus.

score of the expense of conversion. And since the Board of Trade did not consider this question of

hardship towards not-too-well-off owners, when it insisted that all ships should be provided with radio apparatus, there seems no particular reason why the further question should be avoided.

STANDARDISATION NEEDED.

It is undoubtedly essential, in view of the present crowded state of the ether, that every licensed transmission should be efficiently true to its wavelength, or frequency. It is not so much a matter of the convenience of Mr. Blank, of Brighton, whose reception of 2LO's programme is regularly spoiled by ship transmissions as of the possible future development,

from a national point of view, of broadcast-

ing. That future is practically without limit as to possibilities; it is so vast, in fact, that I am not even going to begin to forecast it.

If any reader will take the trouble to think, he will see that there is no possible combination of circum-

stances of national import in which radio cannot play an important part, and the realisation that we are literally only playing about on the verge of the subject will be forced upon him.

Nothing, therefore, should be allowed to interfere with the efficiency of the service. Immediately, all we ask is that the radio gear of all ships—not merely British vessels, of course—should come up to a certain standard, particularly in regard to ability to tune closely to a given frequency, and to maintain that tuning with reasonable reliability.

The advantage to coastal listeners is only incidental; but from the industrial point of view the guarantee that in future the use of broadcast receiving sets on the coast would be freed from its present principal hindrance, would have an influence of sales in those districts which is not without its national aspect.

A RADIO BY-PRODUCT.

I suppose such a description is admissible, but I do not wish by any means to belittle the photo-electric cell which the General Electric Company has now decided to place upon the market. Those who visited the Physical and Optical Society's exhibition, held at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, South Kensington, last month, will know what this photo cell is, or at



Sailors don't care but...

least what it does, but the majority of people have only the faintest conception of the wonderful manner in which light may be harnessed to mechanical service.

The principle of action of the photo cell is very simple, but investigation and experiment have been necessary in order that the principle could be employed so that the cells could be made in a practical form. Inside a glass bulb is prepared a sensitive metallic surface which emits electrons when illuminated—just as does the filament of a radio valve when heated. The bulb is, of course, either evacuated or filled with an inert gas at low pressure, according to the type of cell used.

Near the sensitised surface, but insulated from it, is a small wire grid, which is arranged to have a positive potential relative to the metal surface, and thus the electrons, which are negatively charged, are collected, and a current passes in the circuit so long as the cell is illuminated. The emitting surface is called the cathode, and the positively charged grid the anode.

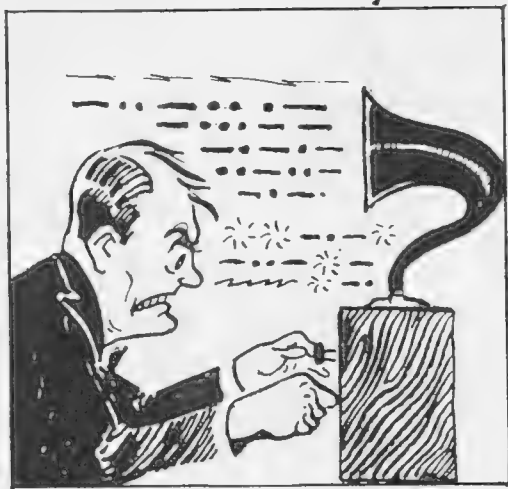
The current which passes from cathode to anode is extremely small, being of approximately one micro-ampere, but it is sufficient for amplification and subsequent employment to operate a relay, which may be arranged to switch on the much greater electrical energy required to operate any form of machinery; and, above all, the exact value of the current is critically determined by the value of the light, and therefore is applicable to most forms of light measurement.

Numerous applications—burglar alarms and automatic street lighting, to mention two of the most popular—have been worked out in the General Electric Research Laboratories for the Osram photo-electric cell.

THE VALVE QUESTION.

It is generally considered that a moving coil loud speaker requires an output stage in the receiver consisting of at least two super-power valves in parallel, but although, in view of the impossibility within practical limits of overloading the instrument, something really powerful in the way of an output stage may be employed if required, this is quite unnecessary if only normal volume of sound is required.

I have already said that any good three-valve set should be sufficient to supply the energy required by a moving coil loud speaker, but I left it to be understood that the last valve need be only of the type generally used in this position.



... Listeners sometimes do.

considered, is a thoroughly sound one—only it just doesn't happen to apply. There is no reason why ships should continue to use antiquated apparatus, except on the



The ring through the nose which marks her as a married woman.

The Women of INDIA

By MRS. G. H. BELL

("John Travers")

THE author of this article is a well-known authority on the problems affecting the women of India and the only woman who has ever lectured at the Staff College at Quetta. Under the name of "John Travers" she has written several novels of Indian life; the last "The Foreigner," was highly praised by the critics.

DURING 1929 readers of newspapers, periodicals and books are likely to become familiar with such headlines as "The Political Problem in India" and "The Problems of Indian Women." It may be entertaining and not altogether unprofitable to examine, though but swiftly and superficially, the connection between those headlines.

The franchise has brought to English women a sense of responsibility for the welfare of Indian women, and the report of the Statutory Commission will soon confront Parliament with the task of coming to a decision on the constitution of the government of India. A book published by an American woman in 1927 convinced



Child marriages are still the custom in India, only seven years of age. Neither Mahomedans nor Hindus allow divorce and

that drown. Description is torn to tatters. No pen can stay the course.

YOUTHFUL MARRIAGE.

I WILL put forward certain controversial aspects of the problem of Indian women before touching upon matters that, in 1929, are likely to be disputed with some heat. Three striking facts emerge from the study of the last Census report: the universality of marriage, the early age of marriage, and the large proportion of widows. By what sentiment does the social system in India perpetuate customs which insist that every woman must marry?

A man may wed at any age, but a woman must become a wife while in her teens, and disparity in years probably accounts for the number of widows. Mahomedans and Hindus deal very differently with

the problem of human passion: neither permits it the freedom of courtship, for that would defy the inviolability of contracts made by parents, but Mahomedans give to hatred the relief of divorce and to a young ardent widow permission to re-marry. No Hindu allows divorce and no high caste practises widow-marriage.

CASTE DYING OUT.

IT is useless to ask: Where do 150 million Indian women err in social ethics to-day? No tribunal exists to decide the merit or error of their ethics. It is wiser to ask: What ails them? Nor can it be wholly wrong to answer that child marriage, the prohibition of widow marriage, the customs of purdah and caste ail them. Such things wrong them. But what will bring them ease? Does alleviation lie in provincial self-government,



Women of the Himalayan mountains who have probably seen the camera for the first time.

many women here, as by a shocking revelation, that something is terribly amiss. The controversy of assertion and denial was recently active, much uneasiness still prevails, and a remedy is sought. Women's organisations have been demonstrative in the matter and a public opinion has been created.

Who can make full and reliable information in concise form available? No one. A multitude hard to number, made fragmentary by diverse creeds, castes and languages, divided by oppressive mountains, formidable plains, rivers with few bridges and moody meanderings, feverish jungles, a sun and moon that burn, rains



A country beauty of Mysore in Southern India, whose balance is perfect.



a. This shy bride, robed for her marriage near Lucknow, is not permitted courtship, but Mahomedans sanction a young widow to re-marry.

Dominion status, Swaraj, or, in non-political movements of social reform?

Some optimists predict the coming of social reform during 1929-30 in a manner sufficiently romantic, dramatic and swift to provide sensational results. They quote social changes in Turkey. They refer to Indian politicians who have brought forward bills to raise the age of marriage. They point to thousands of emancipated Indian women. The purdah, they say, is being broken and caste is dying out. Change is universal and inevitable—a law. So they prophesy that the rising generation through education will quickly work a social revolution.

I do not wish to make a retort; in the space given to this article a reasoned reply is well nigh impossible. I must merely indicate a few realities. When they quote Turkey let them consider Afghanistan. Social reform by decree and a royal personal example is on the war-path there, shedding blood. That is a significant Mahomedan drama.

THE POWER OF CASTE.

IN Hindustan has any one of the most powerful, exalted, and highly educated Rajput Ruling Chiefs emancipated the mother of his heir? No. For Hindus have a drastic system of social discipline. It is possible to lose caste; then none will marry your child! Clans once accounted Jat have become generally classed as Rajput because of exclusiveness in marriage. The average typical Jat (considered "such a fool that only God can take care of him") ranks below the Rajput simply because he sometimes allows widow-marriage. What reform by legislation would induce Hindu villagers to risk a fall?

The extremes of Hindu caste are known. The sense of contrast inspires their whole conception of social values. The highest is the Brahman, the lowest the "untouchable." Of the Brahman, Sir Denzil Ibbetson wrote in 1881, "No child is born, named, betrothed or married; nobody dies or is burnt, no journey is undertaken, no auspicious day selected, no house is built, no agricultural operation of importance begun or harvest gathered in, without the Brahmans being fed or fed."

In "India Report, 1920," Sir Narayan Chandavarker is quoted as having recently said: "While all the depressed classes have been for centuries untouchable, some have been unshadowable, some unapproachable, and some even unseeable by the higher castes." If such is the effect of public opinion, what arbitrary decree will succeed?



Two married girls—one no more than a child. In India a man may marry at any age but a woman must become a wife while in her teens.



The women of Kashmir are famous for their beauty. Three high-caste Mahomedan harem women with typical head-dresses.

As to the social reform likely to follow a further measure of self-government in India, where Mahomedans are in a political majority their social ethics will prevail and where Hindus predominate their social-ethics will be supreme. A renaissance of power must renew authority for imperishable sentiment among illiterate masses.

YOUNG HOPEFULS.

OF Hindu power Sir Rabindranath Tagore has recently written this warning:—"When we talk of Western nationality we forget that the nations there do not have that physical repulsion the one for the other that we have between different castes. The social habit of mind which impels us to make the life of our fellow-beings a burden to them where they differ from us even in such a thing as the choice of food is sure to persist in our social legislation." There is much evidence that Mahomedans and the "untouchables" realise this.

The young are the hope of all reformers. But the young must be educated if they are to hold what they receive. Their unfettered choice must lie before them. Many a child in India is committed irrevocably to the old ways while still in a state of mental infancy. She is married; becomes wife and mother. Thus the twig is not only bent, it is grafted into the ancient tree.

The purdah system withdraws little girls from school, and deprives society of the presence of educated women. Nevertheless education will advance and encroach on the strongholds of yesterday. The question is—what education? Brahmans and mullahs, where Hindu or Mahomedan authority triumphs, are not likely to forgo their sway over the minds of the young. Hindu and Mahomedan law controls inheritance, creed inspires conduct, education creates ethics; what text-books will be acceptable that instil alien ideals?

EMANCIPATING INFLUENCES.

JEALOUS antagonism between Mahomedans and Hindus: stultifies social reform because social reform bespeaks social tolerance. The British in India, alone, as a community, possess the combination of authority, moderation, and impartiality required by a pioneer who would inspire the peoples of that immense country by precept and example. Social reform cannot be imposed impatiently from without, it must be a thing of the spirit of the people.

Therefore the existence to-day of charitable, pious, and non-political organisations manifests a pure desire towards social reform in every province. Lest emancipated Indian women be driven to seek refuge behind the purdah, and turn from bitter isolation to caste orthodoxy, beware of political passions in India during 1929—and after.

Thirteen as Twelve—NOVELS

HERE'S a fine flush of spring novels; so, as Wellington, or Bill Adams, said at Waterloo, Let's "up" Guards and at 'em. Thirteen as twelve used to be a London publisher's handsomeness when a bookseller gave him a good order for a new book. That custom has, perhaps, now gone the way of other nice old things, but it may, in this case, be made a slogan for us. Discourse exhaustively on a full dozen works of fiction, unravel their plots and unveil their characters? That is scarcely possible, but it is possible to say enough to let them speak for themselves.

A NOVELIST'S NOVELIST.

One begins with "Ultima Thule," because it is one of a series of novels which have made literary people speak of Mr. Richardson as the "novelist's novelist." Mr. Hugh Walpole and Mr. Robert Hichens have both said it, or words to that effect; certainly about "Maurice Guest." Then came "Australia Felix," followed by "The Way Home," and now "Ultima Thule" completes the fortunes of Richard Mahony, a long-suffering hero. He makes life seem life, persuades his people to be real people and leaves you as if you had loved them and would always grieve with them. Of such red and grey humanity are the collected "Fortunes of Richard Mahony," good thoughtful reading.

It is impossible not to like Mr. Burgin, although he must be getting perilously near the century with his novels. Why not? Hobbs and Sutcliffe make centuries and think nothing about it. Moreover, with "Mirette's Lovers," Mr. Burgin is again in French-Canada, which he always contrives to present with the ancient charm its Habitants have, an odd mixture of sentiments and narrowness.

POSTHUMOUS STORIES.

A posthumous story runs the peril of not being worthy of its author or of being praised sentimentally. Rider Haggard could not tell a story badly, because he had the story-teller's gift, but he did not work out every story equally well. This one is a divided labour, for the early part of it is about one Andrew, medical student, his work in East London and his love for Rose; while the second part takes him overseas to the governorship of "Oceania" and many adventures. So the tale is Haggard in two moods, and at least that gives you a choice.

It will probably go down to posterity that Mr. Baldwin "discovered" Mary Webb when he happened to read and then praise her "Precious Bane." The fact is that most of us had long known her gifts as a writer—rather than as a story-teller—and in our modest, ineffective way we had tried

Ultima Thule, by HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON, Heinemann, 7s. 6d.
Mirette's Lovers, by G. B. BURGIN, Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.
Mary of Marion Isle, by RIDER HAGGARD, Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.
Armour Wherein He Trusted, by MARY WEBB, Jonathan Cape, 7s. 6d.
Portrait In a Mirror, by CHARLES MORGAN, Macmillan, 7s. 6d.
Boston, by UPTON SINCLAIR, Werner Laurie, 10s. 6d.
Crescendo, by ETHEL MANNIN, Jarrold, 7s. 6d.
Find the Motive, by LLOYD OSBOURNE, Heinemann, 7s. 6d.
Darkened Rooms, by PHILIP GIBBS, Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.
Expiation, by THE AUTHOR OF *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*, Macmillan, 7s. 6d.
Lily Christine, by MICHAEL ARLEN, Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.
Bush Whacking, by SIR HUGH CLIFFORD, Heinemann, 8s. 6d.
Gorgeous Lovers, by MARJORIE BOWEN, The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.

A batch of spring novels by some favourite authors, suitable for all tastes among the "mezzo-brows" but not suitable for the "highbrows."

By

James Milne

to make them known. Then Mr. Baldwin lifted up his voice, encouraged thereto, perhaps, by his kinsman, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, or his friend Sir James Barrie, and lo! there was the light of popularity for Mary Webb's writings. She left a tale, which, though it is unfinished, reaches a natural stopping-point, and here it is with some new short stories, and, long or short, the stuff is good Mary Webb.

AN ARTIST IN WORDS

Mr. Charles Morgan is *The Times* dramatic critic, an office in which he followed Mr. Walkley, and which, like him, he adorns. Some years ago he wrote "My Name Is Legion." His new story has the same wonder, the same poetry, the same beauty in conception and in writing. It is an exquisite study in first love.

It is a staccato affair when we turn to Mr. Upton Sinclair's "Boston" and the Sacco and Vanzetti case which shook America and stirred other parts of the world. The Italians were executed, after successive trials extending over six years, for a murder which Mr. Sinclair, like many other people, thinks they did not commit. He mixes them up with fictitious characters, including a Boston aristocrat, Cornelia, and spares us nothing of the horrible and awful. Thus "Boston" is an account of a notorious case with a novel laid above it and, for the rest, Mr. Sinclair writes as if he were broadcasting.

"CRESCENDO" INDEED.

"Crescendo" is a very fit title for Miss Mannin's story because it is full of sound and fury which do not always signify much, anyhow to a quiet understanding.

It is good to have Mr. Lloyd Osbourne story-telling again, for since he settled at Cap Antibes he has not written much. How well and how ingeniously he writes we have known from the time he collaborated with his step-father, Robert Louis Stevenson, in "The Wrecker" and other tales. Most novelists want to do a "tec yarn" some time or other, and Mr. Osbourne had to do his. He has enjoyed doing it, and the easy, unstressed, ungrim way in which he has done

it gives us pleasure. It eventually turns on why Tim Reardon disappeared because he does so without getting murdered, which is unconventional for Mr. Osbourne.

A TALE OF SPIRITUALISM.

You know by the sign of "Darkened Rooms" on Sir Philip Gibbs's story that he is dealing with the subject of Spiritualism to-day. He has written a very good novel of quacks, faithful believers and intrigued doubters. Do the dead live elsewhere? Can we communicate with them? Deep questions, appealing questions, and they are the fabric of a good novel in "Darkened Rooms."

"Elizabeth," who is Countess Russell, takes us to a London suburb, but she also takes her wit, her wisdom and her incisive style with her, so we are quite glad to go. Milly Bott causes a tremendous upheaval when it is discovered that she has, for years, been living a double life. Ernest, her husband, really gave her away because

he left her only a thousand pounds and the rest of his money to charity, but the family sit upon the scandal, like mother hen on a naughty chicken.

As for poor Milly she goes through a whole process of expiation, and this enables "Elizabeth" to give us a most merry and bright tale of London suburban life.

A QUIET ARLEN.

One always thinks of Michael Arlen as an artist in the short story, a sort of Whistler of the pen. He has conformed to the English public by writing long novels, but, in a way, they are so many short stories woven together. His "Lily Christine" is an impression of life done in quiet tones, and, for that reason,

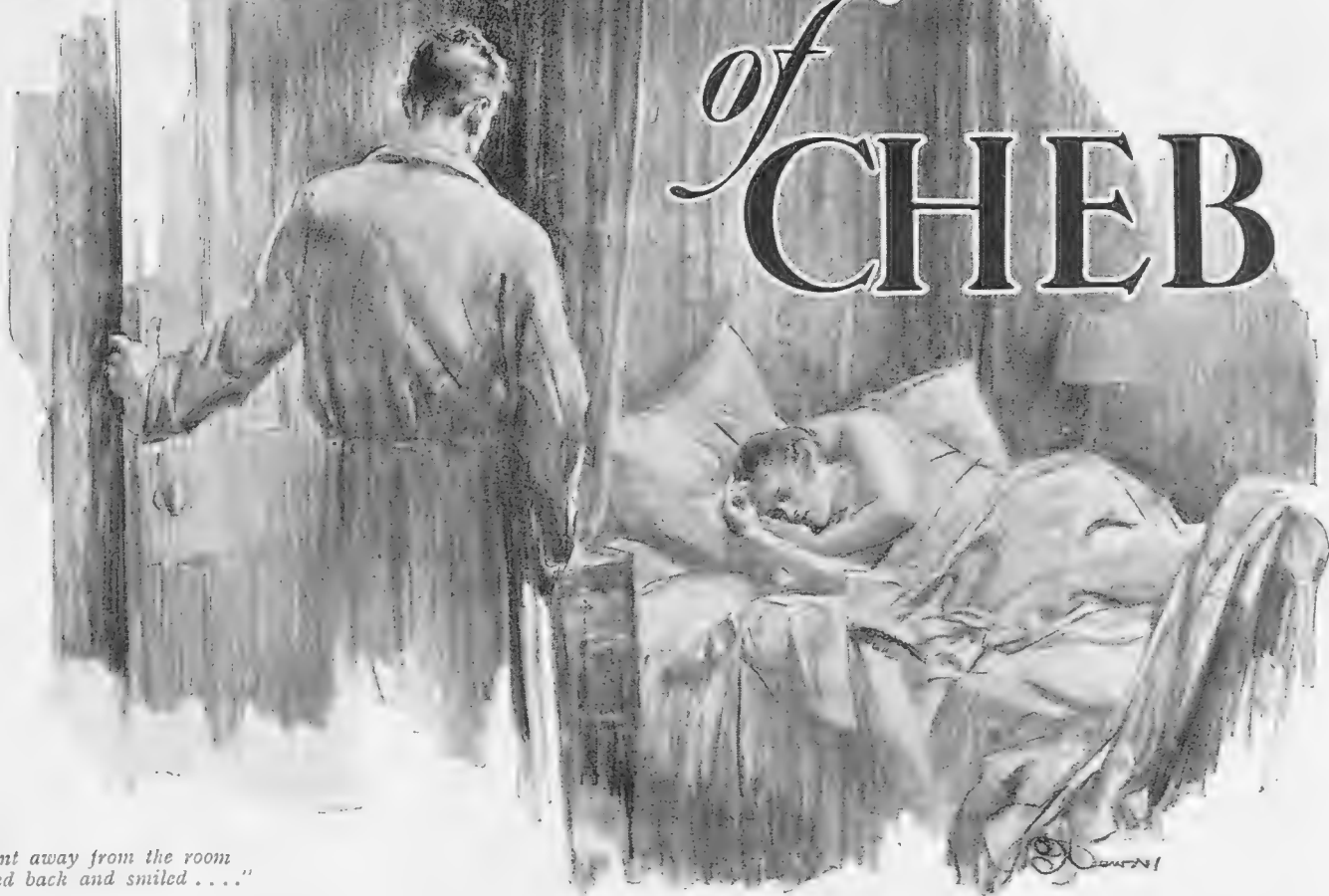
the better art. Lily is one of those tender women who love well, mean well, act well and yet are constantly in the way of tribulation.

Sir Hugh Clifford and Miss Marjorie Bowen are both good at the short story, which, in clumsy hands, can easily be a fragment, not a whole. Sir Hugh writes of sun-struck, tropical Malaya where he began his pro-consulate career, and where he is now Governor. Miss Bowen returns to the historical fiction, into which she broke so triumphantly with "The Viper of Milan."



Charles Morgan, dramatic critic of "The Times" and author of "Portrait in a Mirror," a novel highly praised for its style and beauty.

The Resurrection of CHEB



".... As he went away from the room
he looked back and smiled"

RUPERT BLAIRE had many delightful fancies and no illusions. His ambitions were boundless and his faith unbridled—proud belief in Self is a healthy sign when it is allied to application and resolve.

Rupert had both. He loved his work, loved it from the hour he was articled to Manning, Son and Ackroyd, the distinguished engineers of Palace Chambers, loved it to such effect that on the day his articles expired old Sir Richard Manning offered him a salaried partnership right away. The youngster was stunned with pride, but hesitated—he wasn't really a teamster. It wasn't vanity that was impelling him towards individual practice, just a natural impulse about which he had no misgiving. What is more he had faith in his lucky star. And his faith was born in this way.

THE Town Council of the ambitious little coast town of Portgallion in Cornwall decided upon a grand ennoblement of its sea front, and voted for competitive schemes from not less than six engineers of repute. In reality it was a potty little job costing not more than £20,000, but to the town councillors of Portgallion it was a stupendous undertaking, and they did not hesitate—in Council assembled—to earmark Messrs. Manning, Son and Ackroyd as one of the six. Needless to say, Sir Richard smiled—graciously and declined courteously, but Rupert knew

Portgallion and the old chief granted him permission to compete, if he cared to, off his own bat.

Another sign of the great man's appreciation of his pupil.

The schemes were to be submitted under pseudonyms or emblems, that is to say, the authors must in no way reveal their identities on their drawings or in their reports, so that no charge of favouritism could be laid unto the impartial adjudicators at Portgallion. (Thus Mr. Thomas Wigglestaffe must not sign his drawings "Thomas Wigglestaffe" under pain of disqualification, but he *could* sign them "Tit Willow").

Out of this Gilbertian condition emerged a rather pretty incident which must be related. Rupert's scheme was complete, and a certain dainty little lady came to his rooms in Chelsea to see the drawings, and to—but that doesn't matter. All manoeuvres are fair in love and war. As she made her examination, which was much more protracted than was at all necessary, Rupert—who was an exquisite draftsman—idly

You can't blow out your brains in Victoria Street, unless you are a vulgar person . . . Rupert Blaire, not being a vulgar person, chose a spot where no mortal eye could see his passing. . . .

By Douglas Murray

Illustrated by J. DEWAR MILLS

sketched a cherub, with a 2B Kohinoor, on the margin of one of the drawings. Was he, too, in love? Perhaps he was, and what more natural than that a bonny little cherub with wings complete should thoughtlessly escape from his pencil?

At any rate the little lady noticed the little sketch and—laughed. Then she blushed (they blushed in those days) which made Rupert laugh, and what occurred in the next ten minutes is not for us to surmise or to enlarge upon. It was all the fault (or the guile) of the cherub, and blessings from both of them was his reward. They nicknamed him Cheb upon the spot, and decided that the scheme should go in under the pseudonym of "The Cherub."

Three months later came official notification that Portgallion had decided

The RESURRECTION of CHEB—continued

unanimously in favour of Mr. Rupert Blaire.

Thus the world was at his feet, and what a beautiful world it was. Sir Richard agreed, and renewed his offer of limited partnership, for which he substituted a promise of support when the offer was finally declined. The plunge was taken and another brass plate went up in Victoria Street, Westminster.

WHEN the fifth of August dawned in that momentous year of Nineteen Fourteen Rupert Blaire was watching from his bedroom window overlooking the eastern Downs across the Sussex Weald. He often watched the breaking of the day, and for this particular Dawn he was ready.

His wife was sleeping. As he passed their bed he bent low and listened to her breathing. It was a gesture of deep affection—a kiss would have awakened her—and as he went from the room he looked back and smiled. There was pity in that smile.

Passing across the little hall downstairs to the kitchen (to make the cup of tea without which these early risings could not be justified) he leant against the parlour door and whispered *through* it.

"Cheb old chap—your number's up." And there was pity in that whisper.

That day he did not go to town, something within himself had escaped—or was he the one sane man in Europe who *knew* what was coming! At any rate London could tell him nothing he had not already anticipated.

That night when the earth was silenced by the terror which had engulfed it, the man without illusions crept up in the moonlight to Bury Hill—mark the appropriateness of the name—to Bury Hill, the loveliest hill in the loveliest range of hills on all the earth—and buried his Cheb.

Let this be made clear to those who lack imagination and to those infidels who do not believe in cherubs; in the heart of this man and woman this fancy of theirs had become material. To them Cheb was a Being—a sentient Being, holding in his chubby little grasp all that they were or stood for. All their hopes and ambitions, their courage and their Faith. All that Cheb did not know and sanction that—to them—was heresy.

Some with wider vision will call it allegory—and with that there shall be no dispute. They will recognise that no pick or shovel went with this burying. *They* will understand.

In a week Rupert had dismantled the little office on the fourth floor of Victoria Mansions; in solemn ritual unscrewed the brass plate which decorated the entrance; given the office boy two weeks' wages and his blessing; dropped a genuine tear on Miss Pollock's tapering (and type-writing) fingers, and reported at that dismal hut in the quadrangle of the War Office.

A WORD is needed of Mary Pollock. Mary was a bright example of that detached band of females known by the generic term—Stenographers. It is the most impressive race on earth. It originated in the Polar Basin and disintegrated into human Icebergs which have never melted.

A Stenographer can float into your affairs, remain in the closest business interest with them for years, and float back to the Arctic Regions without once rising a single point above zero. Knowledge is power, but Understanding is power multiplied by all the devils of the Perverse, and the understanding of a Stenographer can be dynamic. That is why a man may love his wife for a time but must respect his Stenographer all the time—or perish.

It must not be imagined that the relations between Rupert Blaire and his office lady were not strictly righteous. Rupert was a clean man, and the sweet little country mouse he had married three years previously he loved to distraction, for Edith was precisely the woman his temperament needed.

She listened and she believed. The

FEBRUARY

NOT yet the spell of winter breaks—
Now, in tranced stillness, the bare
trees

Pattern the sombre sky with tracery
Of twigs that no wind shakes :
No wandering breeze
Stirs the dark mirror of the pond
Where willow-palm is silver grey.
Yet, through the dream-bound afternoon,
the ear
May catch—from far beyond
The February day—
A golden echo, sounding clear
From the high belfries of the Spring :
The trees put on their green—the listener
From changeling boughs may hear
The nightingale sing.

FRED. A. C. BOND.

Stenographer saw and understood. The difference is subtle but mighty.

Cheb could have defined it to a nicety. Cheb could have told us how every man is moulded by the women who are closest to him.

When Rupert entered the 5.30 home express at Victoria he was a man "sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought," and that thought was that, in spite of Portgallion, years must elapse before his ambitions could be fully realised. When he detrained on the banks of the Arun he had changed to the man of sweet content—placid, serene and sure. Sure that the future was quite all right if he would only hold on. If one anxious doubt survived the homeward journey those eyes searching for him in the station-yard at Pulborough flashed it away.

And the little nightly run through the lanes in the Ford car!

One of the things Edith Blaire could do supremely well was to drive a car; and Rupert noted her delightful mastery of the wheel. Leant back in his seat and watched her. God! How he loved her.

SOMETIMES his mind would swing back to the little woman at the other end of his line. Mary Pollock couldn't drive a car to save her life, but she could take in a business complication at a flash. She could produce a reasoned judgment on an intricate matter at the precisely right moment. She could edit a carelessly dictated correspondence with rare skill. She could say more in fewer words than any other woman on earth, and she could detect a bore and scent a might-have-been with deadly accuracy. In short, as Algernon Blackwood has so brilliantly put it, Mary Pollock's knowledge was "knowledge transmuted by emotion into that spiritual wisdom called Understanding."

Fate, they say, is a beast, but Fate had given these two women to Rupert Blaire, and placed them just where they should be. If Mary had been the wife and Edith the stenographer the balance of Nature would have been upset.

Fate knew that, so did Cheb. So did Rupert; and Fate regretted his good deed. So Fate said to himself said he, "This man is going to get away with it, we must pull him up." Well! we know how Fate pulled things up in 1914.

Now there was at this particular time one particular joy in Rupert Blaire's concerns.

Of all things that come to an engineer's drawing table a bridge is the most alluring. And Blaire was deep in the designs of a bridge. A bridge is a rare commission, and a bridge that may be beautiful is rarer still. This was indeed not an actual commission. Two other competitors were in the running, and each was dead sure he could lick the other two. Blaire was *quite* sure about it, and so was the Iceberg—true she had never put her conviction into audible words, but on two memorable occasions she had admitted to herself "We shall get this job." Maybe Mary Pollock was a lover of bridges, too!

Now we see how matters stood when the drums of Fate rolled round the Earth on the day and year first above written.

Were we constructing a stage play instead of depicting a human tragedy this would be our exposition, and the end of the First Act. We should drop our curtain on a Hero in the Making, and take it up again twelve years later. And that is what we must do here.

TWELVE years later. The man swung out of the station-yard as a man does whose destination and purpose are fixed. His gait sure and the going good. Obviously no stranger to these parts; and yet—*where* is he going?

Unless he takes the towpath to the right—to skirt the hamlet two miles up the river bank, he must be heading for the Downs, for there's nary a house of any character nearer than Fairmile Bottom, and that's a devil of a pull on a blazing August day.

And the speed of the fellow! . . .

He *doesn't* cut to the right, but plugs straight on through Decker's wood, to the scarp of the range which opens out across the glorious valley to the sea. Surely this will pull him up. Not a bit of it—on he tears beyond the lure of all this loveliness.

It almost makes one laugh.

Up and up, the sweat dripping from his

brow, he scales the summit where—at Whiteways Lodge (you can see it on the map) the road splits in all directions. Which will he take! Certainly not the Fittleworth road, for why toil up a mountain side to slither down the other!

But this is precisely what he does do. Well! he must have a motive and a reason, so here's Traveller's Luck to him, for unless we are mightily mistaken Rupert Blaire is climbing to the climax of a Life.

Have you ever noticed, on the high places of Sussex, how the chimes from some village tower will come up to you when there isn't a village tower within a range of miles? It is a secret of the Downs and no Downsman has solved it.

A clock strikes Three. Blaire catches it and stops; stops as if some sudden impulse had laid hold of him and swung him off his stride. The headlong rush is broken, and whatever the driving force may be it breaks with it. He stumbles to a gate, a few yards further on, and hangs across it—exhausted.

Three miles and a half with a rise of four hundred and eighty feet, in five and forty minutes. Try it and see what you make of it.

His hat slips off and falls to the meadow. His head dips too, and if we could see his eyes they are full of tears.

Tears! A man's tears! A fighters' tears! Well! Wellington shed tears at Waterloo.

FOOTSTEPS along the road. Blaire pulls himself together. Tears before the God who demands them—that's all right, but tears before a fellow man. Haugh!

"Nice day, Mister." Blaire has his back to the fellow.

"Rain afore night—Certain!"

"Why is it certain?"

Blaire has swung round roaring his question, furious and defiant at the poor old gaffer. "How the hell can rain be certain in a sky without a cloud!" And then, shriller still, almost at the scream, "There's nothing certain, you fool, but Death and Destruction."

Gaffer happens not to be a fool; he smiles. "Bit pivvied, my son, that you are. If you'd traped up Bury twice a day for nigh on forty year, you'd be certain."

"I tell you—NOTHING is certain."

Gaffer smiles again, and taps his conviction out on Rupert's chest with a soft and kindly finger. And his weathered old voice is low and caressing: "It doan't matter, my son, maybe to neither, but—rain afore night. You mark my words." The tiring eyes sweep round the heavens for the proof he knows is there. "Certain," he adds meekly, again, and goes his way.

Blaire stands dumb and watches the going. Ergh! Rain! Fifty million tons of it may fall to the acre, every ten seconds until the crack of doom. What does it matter! He slowly retrieves his hat. To reach it without scaling the gate he drops to a knee, to get the last fraction of reach—another eighth of an inch and it were beyond him. Almost another



"...Then he seems to become aware of the thing's existence, and smiles grimly...."

failure, he thinks. Nothing certain! Even that damned hat is nearly beyond his grasp. EVERYTHING beyond his grasp!

A smile of contempt fills his eye as he gets to his feet. Why does Kipling's line flash to his mind?—"If you can fill the unforgiving minute. . . Yours is the earth!" Haha! What seas of bathos between the emotion of the mind and the realities of the flesh! "Yours is the earth!" And the hat nearly beat him. Hahahaha!

But he must get on. The burial place of Cheb is round the next bend. "Cheb old chap—your number's up!" How right he was. . .

Here is the chalk pit—on the left. On the previous approach it was on the right; Rupert then was coming up the hill, now he was going down it.

He nips at a bound up the high bank which saves the roadway from the long dip to destruction on the eastern side. Like another Demon who took his Victim to a high place overlooking all the countries of

the Earth, Rupert Blaire stands overwhelmed by its beauty. What a spot! And here he is back at it, drawn to it again after twelve tempestuous years.

MILES away the river creeping through the marshes; the railway track over which he came on this his last retreat; ruins of the castle which the Romans built to cover their march to the sea; noble Parham with its incomparable woods—and to leeward of the hanger over which he stands the eternal mist which the sun cannot touch. And in that mist a vision. Vision of the years which have broken him.

His early struggles—the nights of interminable study, the days of unremitting labour. The fight to get started. His marriage to Edith. The call to the Colours and the abandonment of his career. The sudden death of his wife (and he too ill and too far off to go to her). Those awful years in the trenches. The disaster of the end. The misery of new beginnings. The gradual

The RESURRECTION of CHEB—continued

despair—Career gone! Hope gone! Pluck exhausted!

There they are, dim grim pictures in the mist.

And round him, the mockery of a perfect summer day.

Presently he slips beneath the solitary tree which we used to call the Beacon. How it got detached from the hanger which sweeps right down to the valley God only knows. Like a note of interjection (!) to mark a period or emphasise a deed, perhaps.

Perhaps is a wonderful word, and Cherubs chuckle when they hear it. In all the deeds of man, in all his ambitions and resolves, in all the dead certainties of a life "perhaps" creeps in, inevitably.

And it creeps in here.

Blaire rests a little, aimlessly—just rests. Then from the left pocket of his coat, quite calmly, he drags out a bright little instrument not usually exhibited in polite society, and without removing his gaze from the glorious panorama in front of him, he plays with the thing—as if he were unconsciously estimating its weight. With a soft dexterous twist of the wrist that could only come by practice, he swings out what is called the cylinder, and as dexterously swings it back with a click. Three times he does it, unknowingly. Then he seems to become aware of the thing's existence, and smiles, grimly. And very slowly, and with meticulous care, he fits three fascinating little metal tubes into three of its "chambers."

AND now we guess the end of this business. The man without illusions has returned to Cheb to keep him company.

Know all men! Here is a gentleman who wishes to end his life, and who are we to frustrate so legitimate a desire! You can't blow out your brains in Victoria Street, unless you are a vulgar person, and Rupert Blaire, not being a vulgar person, chooses a spot where no mortal eye shall see his passing.

He is in no hurry. His back is to the bole of the fine old beech that has listened to the pangs of a thousand lovers; and his thoughts are his own.

Half an hour passes. Maybe he has summed things up once more; reviewed them once more; calculated and assessed them; struck the balance finally and found it too deep.

Not a human soul is in sight, not a human sound disturbs the stillness.

He is wrong. One pair of human eyes has watched his doings—young eyes with the clearest vision, eyes that are terrified at what they see.

Without fear or hesitation he enters the hanger—cool and mysterious and silent. Forty yards or so further in, on the very lip of the descent, there's a little clearing in the undergrowth, a little natural plateau

where years ago he used to sit and ponder on his plans. So *that's* the spot he is making for—the spot where he buried poor Cheb.

Nothing seems changed since his last visit, and he remembers the twists and turns that will take him to his haven. He may rest awhile still, perhaps he'll wait until the sun is down. He'll see. And he *does* see, for there upon his plateau, upon *his* seat, on the chosen spot of solitude and utter privacy sits an intruder.

Such a thing never occurred to him—it's incredible.

She is very young, and very pretty. Her eyes which are staring with terror upon his coming soften to pity at the first close sight of him. The change is so obvious that it muffs his drive, and muffs it badly.

"I thought no one knew this spot but me. I've known it for fourteen years."

"I've only known it about fourteen days, so it must be yours—mustn't it!"

There is nothing he can say.

"There's room for two," she ventures presently, "unless you'd like me to clear off."

There is still nothing he can say. Perhaps Cheb is listening—and chuckling.

He can't go on staring at the girl much longer so he plunges, desperately. "You're very young" (could anything be more asinine!). "What are you doing here?" But she has got her wind and her wits, and clearly the gods are using her.

With delicious naïveté she murmurs—"I'm writing a book."

"Good God! What about?"

She laughs, his horror is so genuine and so comic. Oh! How she wanted to laugh, to laugh justifiably, without giving herself away. "I won't tell you, but I can say that I'm not writing about things I don't understand."

"Is there anything you don't understand?" Cynically brutal of course, but precisely what she wants from him. If she can only hold him, lure him or trick him—get the upper hand anyhow, anyway! She instinctively feels that if she can do that something may happen, she doesn't a bit know what; but in the left pocket of this man's coat is a loaded pistol, and, by the divine intelligence of a daughter of Eve, she has guessed its meaning.

And not even guessed it—she has watched him ever since he came over the brow, saw his emotion, the physical expression of despair culminating in the incident of the revolver and its loading. Who but an idiot could have mistaken its meaning?

(To be concluded next week.)

BRITANNIA CROSSWORDS—No. 10

CLUES:

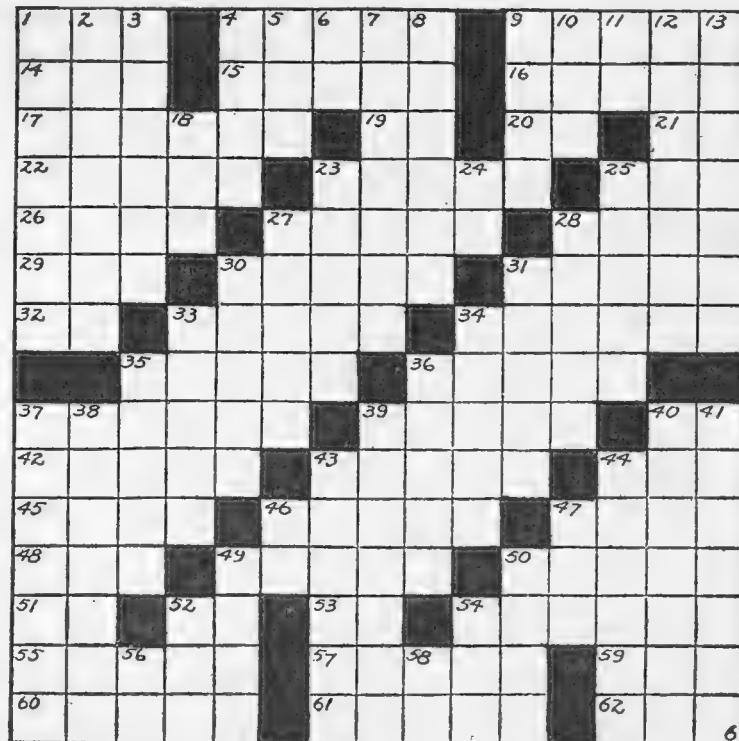
ACROSS.

1. Abraded.
4. Reform.
9. Conquers.
14. Woman's name.
15. Prowess.
16. Choose.
17. Drag.
19. Preposition.
20. South America (abbr.).
21. Note of scale.
22. Consumer.
23. Deficient.
25. Evergreen tree.
26. An iota.
27. Wooden pin used as a spigot.
28. Lamented.
29. Male descendant.
30. Extends over.
31. Division of legislative body.
32. Suffix.
33. Whiplash.
34. Bound with cord.
35. Evade.
36. Models.
37. An armed company.
39. Dwindles.
40. Italian river.
42. Toward the left (naut.).
43. Salty.

44. Hold firmly.
45. Twirled.
46. Gratings of parallel bars.
47. Abstain from food.
48. Little child.
49. Sulk.
50. An outlook.
51. Part of verb "to be."
52. Babylonian deity.
53. Pronoun.
54. Teacher.
55. One having leprosy.
57. Conduit for drainage.
59. A high priest.
60. Ancient Roman magistrate.
61. Dropsy.
62. Sign of the Zodiac.

DOWN.

1. Discharge.
2. Aeroplane operator.
3. Ill-bred.
4. Affirm.
5. Impair.
6. Means of transportation.
7. State of non-existence.
8. Drivels.
9. Prove.
10. Winglike part.
11. Pronoun.
12. Surpass.
13. Roused suddenly.
18. Anything rare.
23. Slap forcibly.
24. In the matter of (law)
25. Hostilities.
27. Diversion.
28. Combination of vocal sounds (pl.).
30. Inner lining of blast furnace.
31. The holm oak.
33. A vexation.
34. Moneys.
35. Cry loudly.
36. Female servants.
37. Former Spanish kingdom.
38. Resisted.
39. Decomposed.
40. Gold coin formerly used in Europe.
41. Canadian province.
43. Contuse.
44. Picture drawn with crayons.
46. Depart.
47. Part of a fish.
49. Cut off.
50. Woman's name.
52. Finless fish.
54. Memento (abbr.).
56. Mixed type.
58. Plural pronoun.



ANSWERS TO JAN. 25 CROSSWORD, No. 9.

Clues Across: 1, Crate; 6, Placate; 13, Rayon; 14, Lateral; 15, Ate; 16, Toad; 18, Dark; 19, Be; 20, Cain; 21, La; 22, Moil; 23, Cornet; 27, Spoil; 29, Pot; 30, Era; 31, Cool; 32, Oat; 33, Lair; 34, Urn; 35, Any; 36, Caret; 37, Pestle; 39, Vans; 40, Re; 41, Bird; 42, He; 44, Aide; 47, Tear; 48, Baa; 49, Creator; 51, Omits; 53, Tenting; 54, Tense. Clues Down: 1, Crab; 2, Rate; 3, Aye; 4, To; 5, Entail; 6, Plan; 7, Lad; 8, At; 9, Cedar; 10, Ara; 11, Tar; 12, Elk; 17, Oil; 20, Coil; 21, Lot; 22, Moons; 23, Cot; 24, Nears; 25, Erie; 26, Tart; 27, Scup; 28, Pore; 29, Pay; 32, One; 33, Land; 35, Ale; 36, Carrot; 38, Treat; 39, Via; 41, Berg; 42, Hats; 43, Ease; 44, Act; 45, Ire; 46, Den; 47, Ton; 48, Bin; 50, Ti; 52, Me.

Crossword No. 9.—Winners of one year's free subscription to BRITANNIA:—Mrs. M. Whitby, Greystones Grange, Sheffield; Mrs. Edith Barnett, 7, Brunswick Square, W.C.1; J. A. Herriot, Hopeville, Castle Terrace, Berwick-on-Tweed; Mrs. Lucy A. Crocker, Rodington, Church Road, Boldmere, Erdington, Birmingham; Miss K. James, 108, Whetstone Lane, Birkenhead.

WOMAN'S SECTION

Edited by Julia Cairns

MODERN woman seeks to accentuate her own individuality in her home. Environment, she knows, is all-important. Of the following pages several are specially devoted to one of her keenest interests—Interior Decoration.



Picture by Yvonne Gregory.

NOBODY in Society has more varied interests than Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley, the clever wife of the Minister of Transport, whose tireless energy perhaps finds its greatest scope in house decoration, in which she has put her marvellous flair to a practical use. She is also Director of Costumes for a well-known film company. Here she is shown in a delightful indoor setting, for her attractive style of dressing, for which she is justly famous, is always suited, not only to her own personality, but to her surroundings.

If I did it Myself

By MARJORIE DAY

ABOUT this time of the year, your house begins to tire of its winter clothes. You know, yourself, how, with the arrival of the first green bud and the warmer rays of the late February sun, you are all agog to be off with your winter garments, and anxious to don, once again, the brighter colours of Spring.

And so it is with your home.

THE PERSONAL APPEAL.

AT this very moment, maybe, you are surrounded with books of bewilderingly attractive wallpapers, shade cards of paint and distemper, or pattern books of the newest furnishing fabrics, each one making a personal appeal for your attention, until you are left floundering in a maze of uncertainty.

Your problems, of course, will differ with your needs, and be governed first by the type of house, secondly by the amount of money you have to spend and, thirdly, by whether you wish to undertake the task yourself, or to employ a professional decorator.

The first point is perhaps best illustrated by telling you the true story of Mrs. A. who, for her wisdom and good taste, now

lives happily in what her friends know to be one of the most attractive flats in Chelsea, and of Mrs. B., who lives in Chelsea, too, in fact, in a flat identical in structure to that of Mrs. A., but, in appearance, far, far different.

THE VALUE OF CONTRAST.

IT was a pale shade of primrose that Mrs. A. chose for her walls, with the woodwork painted to match, and the rather low ceilings washed in ivory. A little monotonous, you say? No. Because sufficient contrast was introduced, in each room, by the individuality of the fabrics.

In the dining-room, for instance, furnished in the Chippendale style, a suitable scheme of decoration for this rather heavy mahogany furniture was carried out by the aid of a rich green Saxony pile carpet, heavy green damask curtains, and table mats of green and primrose linen.

In the lounge and bedrooms, the same contrast was made—warm reds and browns for the former, because it was a north room, and the cooler shades of blues and mauves for the latter, which faced south.

Mrs. B., poor soul, made the initial mistake of choosing strong colours for her walls and paying no heed whatever to the direction of the rooms and, in the case of the dining-room, the smallest room of all, she selected a figured wallpaper. Once started on the wrong road, even the inclusion of expensive fabrics could not save the whole from dire failure, nor could it bring back the sense of harmony and completeness which was apparent in Mrs. A.'s home.

INDIVIDUALITY IN CHOICE.

AT one time the second point which comes up for our consideration would have decided for us the third—namely, if we could afford to employ a decorator, we should not do the work ourselves, but latterly so many women have made a study of interior decoration, feeling the need of expressing their individuality, not only in the choice and combination of furniture and colourings; but also in the actual execution and adaptation of those papers, paints, and distempers.

Manufacturers have come to their aid, making the mixing of colours and their application a matter so simple that failure, even by the most amateur of amateurs, is almost an impossibility.

Distempers for the walls, paints and stains for the woodwork, whitewash or colour-wash for the ceilings, can be obtained in practically any shade. And, in every case, the manufacturers will supply full particulars as to how to use their materials, and usually as to the surface which can be covered by a given quantity.

THE ART OF DISTEMPERING.

DISTEMPERS are an inexpensive form of finish for walls. Usually they are supplied in powder form, requiring only the addition of water, before they are ready for use. Then, of course, there are the more superior forms—such as washable distempers, and flat wall-paints.

Walls must always be cleaned of the old distemper before the new coat is applied. To distemper over a wallpaper, caution is needed. For one thing, you will never be successful if the paper is in bad condition, and also there are some papers which will not take the distemper.

Flat oil paints are a comparatively recent discovery, and they have this advantage over washable distempers, that they can be literally scrubbed down within a few days after their application.

WOODWORK AND CEILINGS.

AS to the woodwork, the simplest way for the amateur is to purchase one of the ready prepared paints sold by various well-known manufacturers, thus sparing herself the trouble of straining and mixing.

The woodwork should be prepared in the ordinary way, that is, by thoroughly cleansing it of dirt and grease with the aid of a soft scrubbing brush and pure soap. Then, holes and cracks must be stopped with putty mixed with white lead and, if the old paint is not to be burnt off, then it must be smoothed down with sandpaper.

It was not so very long ago that there was only one colour for a ceiling—white. Now, almost any colour within reason can be used. And here danger lies for, unless the ceiling is lofty, it will not take kindly to colour beyond say, a lightish shade of ivory. But for a high one, a very attractive cloud-like effect can be obtained by the judicious shading of pale blues and pinks.

SMALLER DETAILS.

FROM ceilings we come down to the matter of floors, and the best method of staining boards. The well-known makers of stains and wood preservatives, which are almost household words to-day, will supply you with full directions for use. An effective home-made recipe for filling up nail-holes, however, may be useful. It can be made from one ounce of melted beeswax, into which a teaspoonful of turpentine has been poured, and sufficient staining powder to colour it.

And then there are the odds and ends. I mean the smaller things which, if neglected, take away the splendour from even the most recently decorated house, like the bath, for instance, the gas-stove, kitchen, cupboards and shelves, or a newly-acquired second-hand bedstead and chair—all these articles can be made to look like new with a little judicious treatment.

Unfortunately, space will not allow me to give you more details of these ready-made paints, distempers, and enamels but, if you will write to the Service Department, fuller particulars will be given you on any subject.

Interior Decoration

WE shall be pleased to give to our readers further particulars of the materials mentioned on this page; also to help them with regard to new colour schemes for their homes. Readers are asked to address their enquiries to:—

THE BRITANNIA SERVICE DEPARTMENT,
INVERESK HOUSE,
STRAND, LONDON.

and, in all cases, a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.

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NAME

(Print Plainly.)

STREET

TOWN.....

Fashion

looks *backward*
and *rediscovers* the

Bustle

The floral chiffons that all the world is wearing in the South, usually have draperies arranged handkerchief-wise, after the manner of the Vionnet model illustrated, with its bell sleeves and fashionable scarf collar.

And trains are coming in. Not the sweeping affairs that we used to gather, or fail to gather together, but trains in the form of panels, sometimes at the back, sometimes at the sides, are becoming increasingly important. No need to worry! They can always be looped up; and even the long back panels, carried out in the heavier fabrics, though having all the appearance of being cut in one piece, are usually divided and are quite easily managed

M. C.



Bell sleeves ring in a new note on the gaily-flowered chiffon frocks, that are now being worn in the sunny South

INDIVIDUALITY is the keynote of the new evening fashions, and the models in the latest "collections" follow so many trends that no woman need be the slave of a style that does not suit her. The Magdalene Helly model on the right, carried out in soft, ivory satin and with the décolletage cut down to the waist line, shows, for instance, a bustle effect—quite a decided one, not achieved by the insertion of a pad or folds of buckram in the old-fashioned way but by stressing the importance of the sash and by a clever arrangement of drapery. And contrarily, the Redfern model, expressed in sapphire-blue and silver shot moiré, has the flattest of backs and the most discreet of décolletages. Some of the latest dinner models, indeed, have brought discretion to the point of high necks and long, close-fitting sleeves!

The unevenness of the hem line seems to be the only point on which, both for evening and afternoon, all frocks are in agreement, and here, again, they follow their own sweet will, as to whether they shall dip at the front, back or sides.



Above, a décolletage that is cut down to the waist line, and on the right a back view that is discretion itself. Fashion leaves the decision to you!



New Wallpapers

Comprising originality without freakishness, they offer many opportunities for introducing individuality and simple charm.



The Cactus decoration combines colourful beauty with a novelty and realism that is seldom surpassed.



From January to December, the Garden Decoration brings into the home the flowery profusion of mid-summer in all its natural loveliness. Hollyhocks, delphiniums and fox-gloves compose the main groups, with smaller clusters of stocks and other familiar blossoms.



Beauty of line, simplicity, and undeniable refinement are all characterised in the Bamboo wall-paper design.

TO paper or to paint is a problem which frequently besets the home maker, and while, for the past few years, many have adhered strongly to the hygienic simplicity of a good paint or distemper, at the same time the indisputable artistry which is evidenced in the wallpapers of to-day is having the effect of winning over to their side quite a number of the more discriminating of us.

The same improvement that has come about in our clothes, through

our ever-growing love of simplicity, has also come about in our homes. It is the simple furnishing scheme which appeals to us, that we feel we can live with happily, and likewise, it is the simple wall treatment which satisfies our appreciation of the æsthetic. Small wonder, then, that we grew tired of wallpapers when they were bestriped and besprigged in maddening multiplicity. Small wonder, too, that the pendulum of public taste swung right back in favour of simplicity to an extreme—

that your HOME will Welcome

By Julia Cairns

to positively plain walls. To-day, however, our æstheticism has found its equilibrium. We like some walls plain, because some walls are eminently better suited to be plain, but we like others not absolutely plain, in which case the latest conception of the better wallpaper designers' art entirely satisfies our most exacting requirements. Besides, there are certain rooms which essentially require more than plain walls—rooms that are lofty, rooms that are large, rooms that are not over furnished.

SHOWN in the accompanying illustrations, is a new Cactus design—a sheer delight, with a background of a misty pearl-like colour, soft and elusive, and effectively throwing into relief the restful greens and mauves, as well as the stronger splashes of more intense yellow and burnt orange. Another is the Honesty and Winter Cherry design, with its glow of brilliant colours and, used in a fairly lofty dining-room, with its warm, maize-tinted background, gains additional interest by realistic branches of winter cherries, mingled with the silver sheen of honesty.

A third which I have chosen as being among the most attractive designs is the Garden decoration, where, against a background of delicate primrose, this decoration enables you as it were, to bring indoors the fragrant beauty of an old-world garden. It is a rare glimpse of loveliness, with its regal delphiniums, its homely hollyhocks, its sentinel-like fox-gloves contrasting with the soft shades of sweet-scented stocks, more vividly coloured anemones, and a host of other blossoms we know and love so well

THEN, maybe, you have never regarded the somewhat severe Bamboo plant as a successful inspiration for a wall-paper, but let me assure you that actually, conceived as it is here, it is quite delightful. There is vitality and strength, which added to the mastery of wall-paper technique, characterises this particular decoration as one of unsurpassed beauty of line, simplicity and undeniable refinement. The complete decoration consists of a soft maize-ish filling, a 10½ in. wide style, a branch for left corners ready cut out, and a branch for right corners also ready cut out, a tree standing about 6 ft. 6 in., and an intriguing set of four birds and six butterflies, for use as required. Note the two branches are so made that, as shown in the accompanying illustration, they can either be used as corner pieces or joined together to form a single group; and, in the latter form, they can also be applied to the top of the tree if the height of the wall-surface does not exceed about 8 ft. 6 in. from the skirting to the picture-rail.

Again, the Wattle Tree decoration provides another typical example of one of the newest wall-paper designs that may precisely suit your room. There is, perhaps, a little more restraint than the previous one described, but for all that there is no lack of charm. Against a background of deep vellum-coloured brown, this arresting design gives at once a

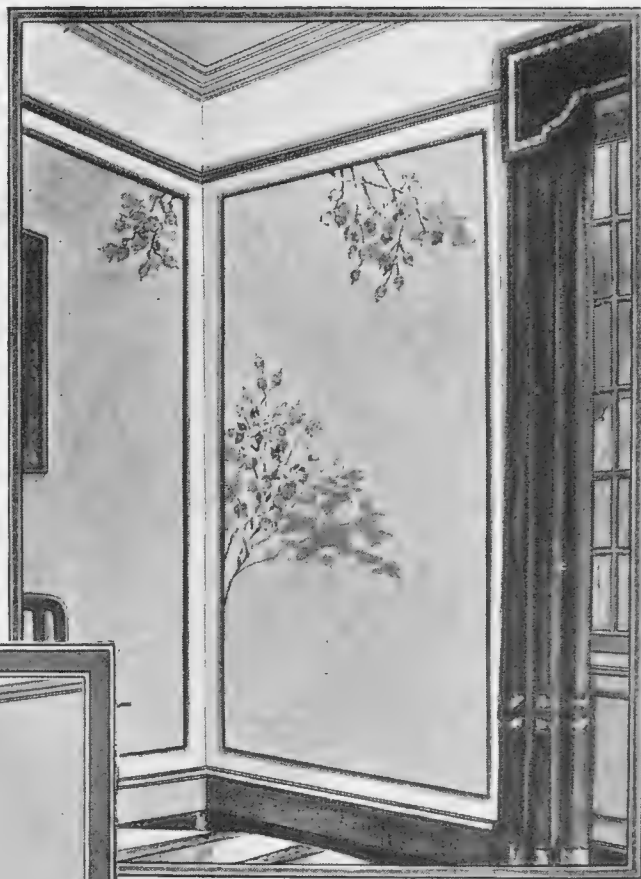
sense of the open wind-swept country—yes! there is even a hint of dappled sunlight in the brilliant notes of yellows, browns and reds in the tree foliage—and at the same time, a delightful feeling of peace. With its touches of true meadow-land greens, and its hyacinthine blues of distant hills,



Expressing the wind-swept feeling of the countryside, with a pleasantly sun-dappled effect, the Wattle Tree will give fresh life to almost any interior.

you will find it an exquisite addition to the home you love.

Those who feel that plain walls seem to accentuate the small amount of furniture in their almost-new homes will welcome the unconventional charm of these modern wall treatments, as an aid to filling in the rather tell-tale gaps. Indeed, in addition to their intrinsic decorative value, this furnishing element of the new wall decoration is, to my mind, of very considerable importance. The



For effecting individualistic arrangements, blended with a warm glow of colour, the Honesty and Winter Cherry design is ideal.

baby grand, for instance, that will eventually occupy the far corner of the drawing-room, in due course can, for the time being, find a happy substitute in a judiciously placed wall motif, such as an additional tree. . . . And so on.

Not only will these decorations be an asset in the small home, but in the larger one also. For when space is precious, and it is desirable to have as little furniture as possible, they will supply a much needed decorative interest—indeed, they are so varied in style that every home can find a design to suit its own individual character. The Florimel Decoration, for instance, which seems to voice a plea for spacious rooms, is one that will make a lasting appeal to the modern home-lover. Its design is based on the romantic Camellia, or the "Tree of the Thousand Flowers"—so called because it blooms so freely—and this, with its long, graceful sprays, growing half-diagonally across the wall, from skirting to picture-rail, combines in its soft roseate blossoms and blue-green leaves upon a fuchsia ground, a fascination that will not easily be forgotten.

Again, when a definite style of furniture—Chinese Lacquer, for example—is the keynote of the scheme, what could be happier than the association of the quaint, fanciful trees, castles and other similar motifs of the Arcady treatment?

Then for the less sophisticated type of room there is an undeniable charm in the mellow softness of the Peach Decoration. Its vary-shaded green leaves blend softly with its golden clusters of peaches, while the slight introduction of crimson forms a subtle contrast to the greyish tinge of the background.

May Edginton writes
ON
The TRUTH About
Women's Work

THERE is a certain wonderful and beautiful theory among certain men which their sex at large takes particular care never to put into practice; and that is, that woman has enough to do in performing her sex functions; that in giving life she simultaneously gives full and sufficient reasons for her existence upon this planet, so attractive a dwelling-place by the plans of men; that, in fact, she should not look beyond her natural functions for her due performance of service to the universe.

This theory, welcomed and applauded to the skies, by thinking women—such as, may I dare to say, myself—has been subject to so many contradictions made by man himself, that perhaps our welcome grows faint and our applause—if it has not ceased—has become of a doubtful quality. For we detect flaws in man's reasoning; we detect temper in it, impatience, and even fear.

I AM going to quote a woman wider and cleverer than myself in support of this suggestion. Olive Schreiner wrote:—

"It is remarkable that, with theorists of this class, it is not toil, or the amount of toil, crushing alike to brain and body; which the female undertakes that is objected to; it is the form and the amount of the reward. It is not the hard-labouring woman, even in his own society, worn out and prematurely aged at forty with grinding domestic toil, that has no beginning and knows no end . . . it is not the haggard, work-crushed woman and mother who irons his shirts; or the potential mother who destroys health and youth in the sweaters' den where she sews the garments in which he appears . . . which disturbs him. It is the thought of the woman doctor with an income of some hundreds a year . . . it is the thought of the woman as Greek professor, with three or four hundred a year, who gives half a dozen lectures a week, and has leisure to enjoy the society of her husband and children, and to devote to her own study of life and thought; it is she who wrings his heart. It is not the woman who on hands and knees . . . scrubs the floors of the public buildings or private dwellings, that fills him with anguish for womanhood; that somewhat quadrupedal posture is for him truly feminine, and

does not interfere with his idea of the mother and childbearer. . . ."

Now, in these and many foregoing and subsequent pages, a really great feminist dissects, and discourses upon, the true bitterness at man's heart about work for women.

WOMEN always have worked; they work now, and they always will work—with this difference, that their work will put a definite and satisfactory reward into their own private pockets.

I have often been reminded, when pressed to debate this subject with men—which I do with diffidence, distress, and all the courtesy at my command—that it is only owing to man's generous legislature, which—in the 'eighties—passed the Married Woman's Property Act, that married women have any control at all over either their private or earned incomes.

However, I have talked with enough husbands, with enough fathers of unmarried daughters, to guess as to the partial reasons, at least, for the passing of that Act. It was to secure a man's hard-earned money—if passed, at death, to his widow—against tempting any needy rascal who would marry her and take it for himself. It was to secure a man's unmarried daughters against the depredations of fortune-hunting husbands.

It was to secure man's own hard-won fortune against the rapacity of strangers that the Act was passed, just as much as it was passed to secure to a woman her own personal financial rights.

"I made my will, leaving everything to my wife unless she remarries," said an elderly Cræsus to me recently. Adding: "You think that mean and selfish? I do not intend to be mean and selfish. But I know men."

NOW as regards women's work, it has most undoubtedly come to stay. I speak, now, of women's *paid* work; women's well-paid work, such as a man would like to do. "What is going to be the result of this?" said an elderly gentleman to me. "It means a revolution."

Indeed, it is a revolution.

It is this kind of revolution:

That whereas the penniless daughters of a



Miss May Edginton, the well-known writer, once more makes herself known to us in a sympathetic article on one of the most widely discussed subjects of the day.

poor middle-class man were obliged to marry anyone who asked them, or, at their father's death, to sink into more or less genteel destitution, they are now self-supporting. They often earn—taking their liabilities into account—as much as their fathers or brothers.

What will it do to marriage?

It means that the five-pound-a-week girl—who, twenty or thirty years ago, because of her pennilessness, would have snatched at any chance of wedlock—to-day need not, for financial considerations, marry the six-pound-a-week man who is, probably, about her social and financial mark. She need not marry him unless she loves him. By marrying her he is no longer conferring an inestimable boon upon her. Pecuniarily she can do without him.

I do not say that she can do without him humanly, romantically, or companionably. I merely say she can do without him pecuniarily.

Now, there's the rub! Men have trusted blindly to the power of the purse.

The power wanes. Only the successful men have it now. Only the super-man has it superlatively.

And so? A revolution in marriage?

Certainly.

I think that possibly we come now to the claims of the family upon a woman's heart.

The hope of children? Isn't that going to outweigh all else?

YES. It outweighs all else frequently—and would do so always if the modern girl wasn't such a psychologist; if her premarital adventures had not taught her so much lore about men. The modern girl is aware that probably nearly fifty per cent

of the modern men don't want any children. Babies don't fit in with a large income tax, a restricted income, an irrevocable decision to keep a car, play golf, take good week-ends here and there on the coast, and not to economise on the cocktail outfit.

MODERN man is no more like his domestic grandfather than the modern girl is like her domestic grandmother.

Of the two, the girl is the more primitive, the fiercer, the more elemental. But, half the time, with the modern man, she knows that babies just can't be done. She keeps her work and he keeps his.

And it suits him better than it suits her.

I have in mind a young married woman who had just had a new baby. She had two more children to care for, and a house to run with the maximum of effect—for her husband's sake—with the minimum of income. Her doctor was almost a fanatic on the subject of women feeding their own babies.

And yet that doctor said to her, "Mrs. X, give your baby a bottle in the evenings so that you can go out and dance with your husband as usual. Take care not to bore your husband, Mrs. X?"

Would the doctor have said that to her grandmother?

I think not. Grandfather would not have been bored.

The result, in this case, was that the young mother soon had to give up feeding her baby.

I have in mind the case of a woman with two children to bring up, who has had to divorce her husband. "I adored him; I worshipped him," she said to me, "and I was quite willing not to have children because he didn't want them. But . . . they happened. I adored him, but we couldn't afford a nurse, and I was obliged to look after them. He wouldn't stand it. He left me for a woman who will be

cleverer than I in avoiding catastrophe. If it wasn't for the children I would have had him still.

When any theorist begins telling women that the world will be well lost for marriage and the joys of babies . . . please remember that a number of very sad women to-day have learned a number of very sad things.

I DON'T believe that in future any woman who loves children will marry any man who doesn't love them too. Or that any woman will have to marry a tyrant, a mean man, or any other sort of unhappy character. Paid work is going to save women. I shall be told that there won't be enough fine characters—of either sex—to go round, to make the satisfactory marriages that I suggest. That has to work out. We are a small step nearer the millennium, anyway.

"Is not the profession of wifehood the best profession of all—even taking it at the lowest computation—that of profession?" someone will ask me.

It can be.

Likewise it may not be.

Men have not lived up to their wonderful theories, you know.

WHEN I was a young girl I lived on a large farm, and I noted that a cart mare, before giving birth to a foal, was cared for tenderly; and after giving birth to it, she rested for months, doing nothing but feed her baby. Had she been worked at all, no doubt the R.S.P.C.A. might have interceded. And I noted that a dog with a litter of puppies was kept quiet, humoured a great deal; not encouraged to follow the gun.

But the farm labourer's wife was up, and at her washtub and her usual toil, a week after her new baby was born.

I don't wonder that an increasing number of women prefer practice to theory; prefer money in their own pockets to buy their own comforts; don't rely on the beatific theories expounded by men.

They know what *works*.

We all know that marriage—including housewifery and child-rearing—is the greatest work of all. But it is the least valued, and the most uncertainly paid. Against what will probably be a storm of criticism, I say that.

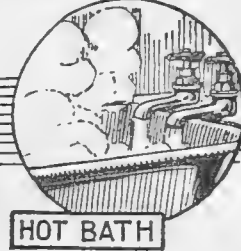
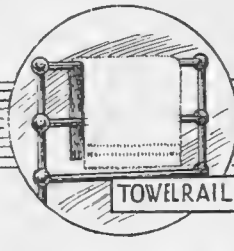
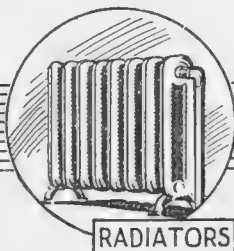
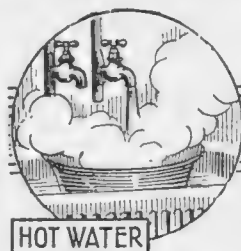
In a eulogy of Coventry and its increasing industry the other day in the daily papers, it was pointed out that so profitable do women find their industrial life that they refuse to leave it to marry.

This kind of attitude is going to be a very great social problem; but no retrograde step will ever solve it. In future,

marriage will have to be made to suit both men and women; they will not be forced into the now ready-made mould.

Marriage should be a reward, never a penalty, or even merely a duty. It has always been utterly wrong to make women in general pecuniarily dependent upon it.

It has not been an infallible provision either. There have been widows and fatherless penniless and asking for charity always among us. There have been bankrupts with needy families. The modern working woman is playing for safety; and playing hard.



What a Boon!

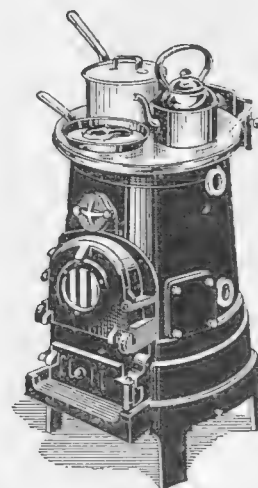
The advent of the

GLOW-WORM

the original Domestic Boiler, raising as it does, constant and abundant Hot Water for Baths, Lavatory Basins, Sink and, if required, Radiators and Towel Rail, marked a great advance in domestic comfort, convenience and economy. To come downstairs on a bitterly cold winter's

morning and find your Glow-Worm still alight, your water piping hot and your kitchen warm and cosy, is indeed a boon.

And yet, because of its special construction, the Glow-Worm is remarkably economical on fuel. The average cost for fuel is only about $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per hour.



Glow-Worm Boilers will be exhibited at the Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, London (Feb. 26th to March 23rd). Meantime, you are invited to write for Illustrated Booklet to Dept. B17. Working Models are always on view at 5 Newman Street, W.1.

ANTHRACITE RADIATION, Ltd.

(Incorporating London Warming Co., Ltd., and Glow-Worm Boiler & Fire Co., Ltd.)

(Dept. B.17) **5 Newman Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1**

Paint : *the* Way to Interior Beauty

Paint plays a vital part in the question of interior decoration. From every viewpoint, therefore, its use should be carefully considered.

By JOYCE
ROBINSON

A POT of paint holds fascination for many—possibly on account of an inborn love of colour, or else because it is the medium by which old things can be made to look new, and new ones can assume a more interesting outlook on life—or, again, can it be through a half-forgotten memory of one's childhood, when the prospect of a paint brush in a lovely sticky liquid foretold such unknown delights? It is true of paint, at least, that the first fascination is rather like a kindly will-o'-the-wisp, which instead of leading us astray, guides us to something which fulfils its promise of being a good friend. At any rate, this is the case with really good paint, and it never pays to buy inferior kinds, because, after all, the amount of labour which must necessarily be expended in carrying out the work, in order to achieve the best results, is well worthy of good material. Nowadays so many reliable makes

—suitable for all classes of paintwork—may be bought, that it should be an easy matter to obtain what is wanted for a specified purpose.

After the paint has been considered, there is the question of brushes, which also must be the best obtainable. These differ in size and shape according to the nature of the work to be done, and it will usually be found that an experienced salesman can, by his knowledge of his customers' requirements, give a great deal of assistance in their choice. Quite often, however, one becomes accustomed to a particular brush, and—be it ever so old—there seems to be none other like it, just because it suits your own hand and method of painting.

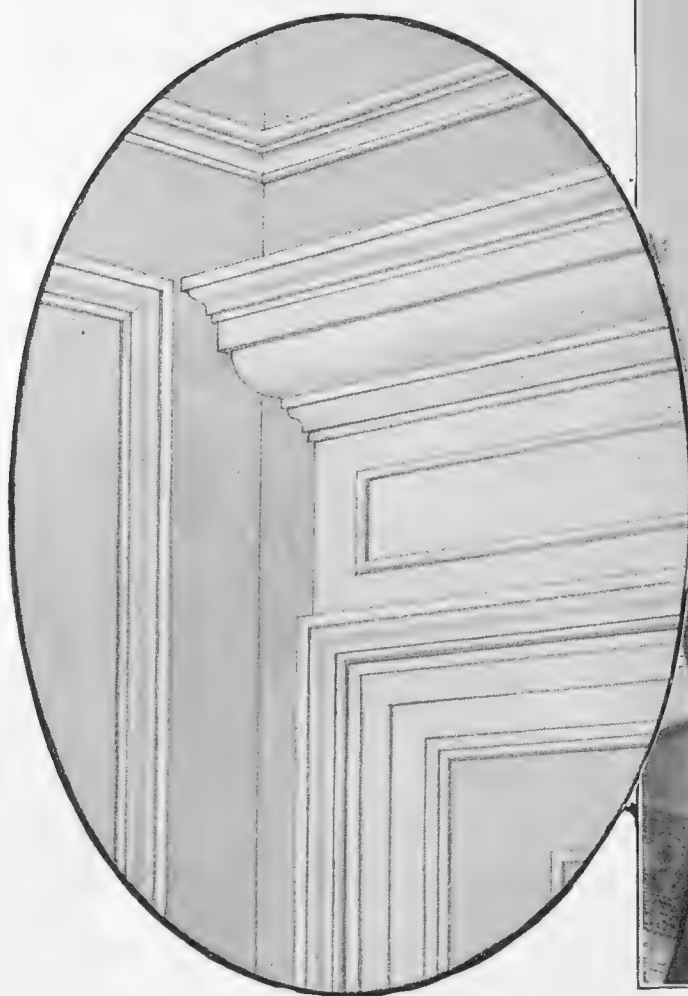
As far as the application

of paint is concerned, in many instances—in the case of skilled work, in particular—it is better to leave the work to a professional decorator, who, as a specialist and experienced workman, can naturally obtain the best results. But on the other hand, there are so many paints now on the market which are easy to use that it is quite a simple matter to do the greater part of the work oneself. The principle underlying sound paintwork, is that the coats should increase in elasticity as the upper and final one is reached, and each coat of paint should be allowed to dry—properly, not apparently—before another one is put on. In addition, success largely depends upon the care of both brushes and paint while not in use.

But, quite apart from the practical side of paintwork, if the idea underlying the scheme of decoration is not well thought out, the effect cannot be a pleasing one. Generally speaking, there is a certain colour harmony to suit nearly every room, and this, combined with the many different paintwork treatments, including brush graining, staining and varnishing, is enough to make one realise what a wide field the subject of interior paintwork opens up—one which, perhaps all unknown to ourselves, has a far-reaching effect on our daily life.

Illustrated below, the paintwork of ivory, with the mouldings "picked out" in a deeper shade, thus combines simplicity of tone with artistic effect.

If desired, the woodwork can be linked up with the furnishing scheme, by reproducing certain existing colours in the mouldings.



Walls— and Woven FABRICS



In addition to paper, paint and distemper Woven Fabrics as a medium for Wall decoration, are coming prominently into favour.



Photos : Waring & Gillow.

NOR is the idea a new one. And, in his inimitable diary, Samuel Pepys records in 1663 buying a "chint" for the purpose of lining his wife's new study.

I remember, not so long ago, being attracted by the decorative scheme of a small, yet beautifully conceived, smoking room. It was entirely a study in browns—yes, almost every shade of brown—from the light tawny-brown of a seer autumn leaf to the deep, warm, friendly brown of freshly-dug earth. But for all the tobacco-brown upholstered easy chairs, the rich patina of old oak furniture, and the many-shaded brown fleckings of the carpet, the walls—it was decidedly the walls, that really gave the cachet to the whole interior.

These consisted of panels of coarse brown canvas fixed between oaken slats. Simplicity itself, admittedly, but so effective! And not difficult to execute, since it is possible to obtain the canvas all ready prepared with a backing. In this case the fabric is applied to the walls like an ordinary paper, or alternatively, if the ordinary unprepared canvas is used, then the walls must first be hung with a lining paper, and the *paper* pasted for application of the canvas—not the canvas itself.

The two illustrations shown here are examples of modern English interiors, where in each case a woven fabric has been utilised for the wall decoration. The first is a rather delightful instance of its use in a hall, where furniture is expressed in English oak, introducing top surfaces of cellulose, and in order to emphasise the beautiful tones and graining of the wood, it would have been almost impossible

to have secured any background that would surpass the woven fabric chosen, which, with its simple, yet dignified leaf design, blends, in a fascinating manner, shades of neutral beige with subtle glints of gold.

The second illustration shows part of a modern bedroom furnished quite simply with plain painted furniture, the whole idea being to emphasise rather the decorative background. Again this consists of a woven fabric, also in a leaf design, but this time it is expressed in an exquisite shade of dull deep pink, blended with silvery grey—a combination particularly suited to a bedroom since it so effectively creates an atmosphere of feminine refinement.

"How are these fabrics fixed?" you are going to ask! In each of the instances shown here, they are applied quite simply—like the method employed with old tapestries—by tacking them on to the walls, or by stitching them across woodwork frames. A pleasing panel effect can be achieved, if desired, by the application of a narrow wooden moulding which will simultaneously hide from view any joins in the material.—J. C.



The Film that discolours teeth and invites decay

NEVER offer the explanation that your teeth are naturally discoloured and dull. Never say "That's my misfortune."

To-day it is common knowledge that when teeth are "off-colour" and dingy they are coated with a film. Endless scientific research has proved this beyond all reasonable doubt.

FILM—How to trace it

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel the dreaded coating—film. It clings to crevices and stays. It absorbs ugly stains from

foods and smoking to make teeth dull and lustreless.

How new way removes film

Brushing fails to remove film successfully. Now the world of science produces a special film-removing agent. First it curdles film. Then light brushing easily removes it.

Remove film by this new method for 10 days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Smiles grow far more charming. This is a great step toward a winning personality. Get a tube TO-DAY.

FREE 10-day Tube

Test this scientific film-removing tooth paste. Send a postcard to-day for a Free 10-day Tube to (Dept. A338), The Pepsodent Co., 42, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E. 1.

Pepsodent

The Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste



PEPSODENT—A scientific formula compounded solely to remove cloudy film from teeth

The Common-Sense WAY to Beauty

By SONIA

YES! Just ordinary commonsense! It has more to do with Beauty than you perhaps know. Do you realize, for instance (every woman doesn't), that your skin is your own individual affair? I say, every woman doesn't, because if she did, she would not commit the crime against Beauty and Commonsense of using, often with a pathetic regularity, preparations that are absolutely unsuited to her own particular condition. Because a face cream is smooth and delicately perfumed and put up in a lovely crystal jar, it does not follow that it is a panacea to every ill to which the complexion is heir. If it bears the name of a reliable maker, it is suited to somebody's skin, but there is no reason to suppose, unless you take the trouble to discover its ingredients, that it is necessarily suited to yours!

Every complexion treatment, that is sponsored by an expert, has some value, but unless you make sure what exactly it is intended to achieve, it may have none in your case.

That is why, when the complexion is not all it should be, it is always well worth while to consult an expert or, at any rate, to bring commonsense to bear on your own special trouble.

Even in the comparatively simple instances of dryness and greasiness, the method of treatment differs very materially.

IN the case of a dry skin, a cream that contains a good percentage of oil should be applied at night, after, of course, a thorough cleansing, and left on for a little, after which it should be wiped, not washed off. Soap should never be used, and water as seldom as possible, and then of the distilled variety. Milk is the best alternative as a cleanser, or a clean-

sing lotion that has been specially prepared with a view to counteracting dryness. For a greasy skin, on the other hand, cream should only be used when absolutely necessary—to counteract sunburn, exposure to extra cold wind, etc., and it should never be left on for more than twenty minutes. A herbal cream is best, care being taken to avoid the use of one that contains any animal fat. And when it comes to the suspicion of make-up, without which we are all

incomplete to-day, whereas the dry skin will require a generous layer of foundation cream, the greasy one will need none, or only the faintest suspicion; otherwise it will soon "take on" a most unbecoming, oily appearance.

THE unfortunate possessor of a skin that chaps or reddens in cold weather should protect it with a fairly heavy foundation cream by day and apply soothing cream

at night, leaving it on for about twenty minutes.

If your skin is flabby, never use hot water, and try the effect of a tonic lotion night and morning. Gentle tapping with a wad of cotton wool, soaked in rose water, to which a few drops of eau-de-Cologne have been added, generally produces excellent results.

Blotches and spots, other than those caused by inflammation due to the presence of blackheads, may be a local condition, but are far more likely to be the outward and visible sign of something wrong with the digestion, or some form of poisoning, and if they persist, it is best to get a medical opinion.

BEAUTY is not the prerogative of the favoured few. It is the birthright of every woman.

Next Week Britannia's Woman Section will present a special

BEAUTY SUPPLEMENT

including an article of universal appeal

"BEAUTY THROUGH THE AGES"

by

Donald Clayton Calthrop

MOTOR SECTION

The Art of CORNERING

By the Hon. Victor
and Mrs. Bruce

AFTER the general matters of car control have been mastered, most beginners seem to imagine that all they have still to learn is the art of gear changing. Cornering, if it is understood to be a matter calling for skill, is regarded simply as part and parcel of steering, and very few novices either realise the necessity, or take the trouble, to practise this particular branch of driving.

In speed work, of course, cornering at the greatest speed at which the car will remain on the road is the principal secret of success; and an expert racing driver can probably take his car around any given corner at a pace three times as great as that at which the average motorist would dare to drive. Such super-skill is not necessary in the ordinary course of events, but ability to corner correctly even at touring speeds makes a very great difference in the average speed for the run, and in the amount of fatigue suffered by the driver. Cars vary considerably in their road-holding powers, and it is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules.

ACCELERATION OR BRAKING

THE principal mistake made by beginners, however, is in misjudging the amount of slowing down required for a particular corner, so that it is apparently necessary to continue braking while the car is rounding the bend. If judgment has been badly at fault, possibly there is no remedy—and anything may happen. But in the majority of cases, where the driver finds that he has to exert considerable force to pull the car round the corner, owing to its slightly excessive speed, acceleration, and not braking, is the operation that should be performed.

Braking, it can easily be understood, tends to throw the tail of the car out, and makes steering even heavier than it would normally be. Acceleration, on the other hand, helps the steering.

It is difficult to explain more clearly in words, but just try it on the road some time. Slow the car down as nearly as possible to the maximum safe speed before the corner is reached, and when it is actually being rounded, step on the gas. Steering becomes almost automatic, while any tendency to skid is eliminated, and the general behaviour and "feel" of the car breeds confidence.

WHEEL WOBBLE TACTICS

SOMEWHAT similar remarks might be made in regard to wheel wobble, than which there is probably no more terrifying experience for the novice when it is first encountered.

Many inexperienced car owners whose vehicles develop that nasty habit, imagine that because wheel wobble occurs at, say, thirty-five miles an hour, their speed is necessarily limited to something below that figure, since it is clearly unsafe to drive at the critical speed. They do not realise that the speed is critical: that it is just as safe to drive at a pace above the particular figure as it is to keep below it. Generally a range of some five miles an hour is affected, and once that range has been passed, either up or down the scale, the car behaves itself normally once more.

There is something of a trick in it, and the expert driver with a

car which suffered badly from wheel wobble would probably be able to give a demonstration run in which the bad tendency was practically unnoticeable. But it is a very simple trick—just that of accelerating hard through the critical speed range, so that the length of time during which the car lingers between the dangerous figure is as short as possible.

The same may be done with an engine which has a bad "period" of vibration. To drive at the speed agreeing with this period possibly leads one to think that the machine is racking itself to pieces; but with skilful acceleration it may be passed through so quickly that a

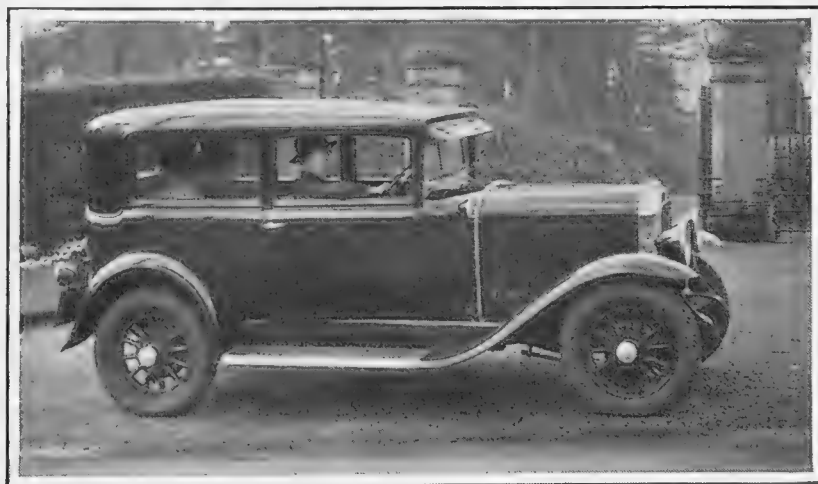


A VETERAN IN INDIA. A 12-16 h.p. Vauxhall, imported as a touring car in 1910, has now been converted into an omnibus with a native-built chassis

passenger need not be aware that the period is here. And that be it said, is one of the secrets of successful second-hand car salesmanship!

TRYING OUT THE BUICK DOMINION SALOON

Engine	..	Six cylinders, bore and stroke, 3 5/16 by 4 1/8 in.: 3,920 c.c. overhead valves. Three-point suspension on rubber pads.
Tax	..	£27.
Clutch	..	Multiple dry disc.
Carburettor	..	Marvel, with automatic and hand heat control and air cleaner.
Fuel system	..	Mechanically-driven petrol pump.
Ignition	..	Coil.
Gear-box	..	Three speeds, central control; top speed, 4.9 to 1.
Brakes	..	Four wheel, external contracting.
Suspension	..	Semi-elliptic front; cantilever rear; hydraulic shock absorbers.
Electrical equipment	..	Delco two unit system for starting, lighting and ignition.
Price	..	£430.



THE BUICK "DOMINION" SALOON. A description of this car appears on this page together with some impressions gained while in actual use

MAGNIFICENT acceleration and extremely smooth running are the most outstanding features of the Buick Dominion saloon on the light chassis, although the fact that this 26.23 h.p. car costs only £430 is equally worthy of note. Owing to the engine characteristics mentioned, it is possible to let the car die away almost to a standstill on top gear, and yet pick up speed steadily and rapidly without changing gear or slipping the clutch when the accelerator is depressed. The gear change itself is perfectly straightforward on the infrequent occasions when it is required, and the long lever comes naturally to the driver's hand. So much cannot be said for the central brake lever, which could be lengthened and made more accessible with advantage.

The steering is delightfully light, and has a satisfactory

(Continued overleaf.)



The All-British Standard sets a new standard

of efficiency and comfort. The Stanlite Sliding Roof, at the command of thumb and forefinger and without stopping the car, gives you the cosiness of a closed saloon or the delights of an open tourer at will.

Standard Nine Saloons (as illustrated) from £190.

Standard Fifteen 6 cyl. "Exmouth" Saloon, £325.

Stanlite Sliding Roof standard to both models.

Write for full information.

THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD.,
Canley Works, COVENTRY.

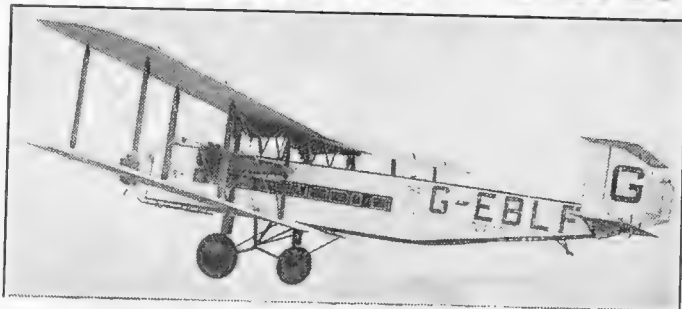
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AIR LINER'S RECORD PARIS-LONDON FLIGHT



On Sunday, Jan. 20th, the Imperial Airways' Argosy "The City of Glasgow," piloted by Mr. Walters, flew from Paris to London in one hour and forty-five minutes, constituting a record for so large a machine.

High speed and absolute reliability are essential to safe and successful air transport. It is therefore significant that the Armstrong-Siddeley "Jaguar" engines of the Argosy, and also the Napier "Lion" and Bristol "Jupiter" engines of the other luxurious Air Liners of Imperial Airways are all lubricated with

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CASTROL

MOTOR OIL

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C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2

Obedience

However unruly your hair is inclined to be, it will obey ANZORA without question. And remain as you want it throughout the day's exertions. Use ANZORA always.

ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps;
and ANZORA VIOLA for dry scalps,
are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles, by Chemists, Hairdressers
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REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

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Norland Service comprises three real lesser hotels for gentlefolk, situated in the heart of London's social and shopping activities.

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The Improved Vauxhall 20-60 h.p. "Velox" Saloon.

degree of self-centring action, though it is perhaps a little inclined to transmit road shock to the driver's hands. Clutch and brakes are all that can be desired in regard to lightness of application and positiveness of action, and every item of control is so arranged that driving calls for a minimum of effort.

The Dominion two-door body is roomy and comfortable, and the car has pleasant lines, especially so in view of the fact that the wheelbase is only 9 ft. 8 in. It is beautifully fitted with every conceivable convenience, including double electric windscreen wiper, dome light, silk blinds, ash trays, ignition and steering lock, while the upholstery is in soft brown furniture hide. The only criticism that can be passed on the interior is that its appearance would be materially improved by a polished wooden instrument board. The arrangement of the controls above the steering wheel is particularly neat, while an ingenious sliding seat gives easy access to the rear compartment through either of the single side doors.

A more comfortable car to ride in or to drive could scarcely be imagined, a slight lightness in the springing of the model tested being apparently due to insufficient tightening of the shock absorbers.

BUDGET RUMOURS.

JUST how much authority there is for the various rumours and surmises which have been published recently as to the provisions which will be made in the next Budget in regard to motor car taxation it is impossible to say; but it is to be imagined that even the person most concerned—the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself—has not yet got his Budget cut and dried. However that may be, there is a very general idea abroad, firstly, that the desirability of securing the motorist's vote will be studied; and, secondly, that a reduction will be made in the standard of horse-power taxation. Fifteen shillings instead of the present £1 is suggested as likely; but the ominous remark appeared in one of the daily papers that no doubt the deficit in revenue caused by this reduction would be

made up by an increase in the petrol tax.

This is not a very logical argument, having regard to the fact that the motoring vote is undoubtedly a very serious matter on the eve of a General Election. Motorists may be apathetic in their own interests; in fact, we have only ourselves to blame for a good



The new 16-45 h.p. six-cylinder Wolseley Sportsman's Coupé on the road amid seasonable surroundings.

deal of the hardship under which we labour. But, generally speaking, we are not quite so foolish as to be taken in by so transparent a policy. Giving a thing with one hand and taking it with the other is too childish to be considered; and if any such measure is attempted it is sure that motorists will

THE ART OF CORNERING

(Continued from page 113.)

scarcely hold up their hands in awe at the generosity of the good, kind Chancellor!

MOTORISTS AND THE ROADS.

WHAT exactly will happen is on the knees of the gods, but it is scarcely fair theoretically nowadays to ask the private motorist to contribute the whole of the money required to repair and improve the highways. Those highways are of rapidly increasing importance as a national asset, and every citizen, quite apart from whether he has a motor car or not, benefits by road development. The motor tax is generally regarded as a luxury-tax; but this is absolutely erroneous now; whatever it may have been at one time. There is scarcely a car in the country which is used entirely for pleasure, or even as an alternative to other means of transport.

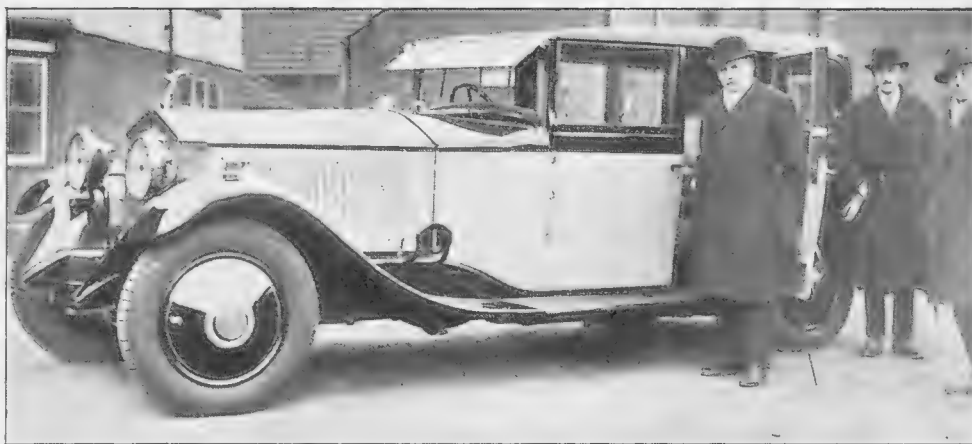
There are, on the other hand, many thousands of vehicles, private cars to all intents and purposes, which are used exclusively for business, while the bulk are used alternatively and indiscriminately for pleasure and business. The motor car is anything but a luxury, and indeed the work of the nation simply could not be carried on without it. Quite a large number of people are running cars who could not afford to if it were not for business use; another much larger number would find that they could afford cars if the tax were reduced.

EFFECTS OF A REDUCED TAX.

THE question, therefore, is not only one of votes. It is one of common sense and national welfare. Just at a casual glance, a reduction of taxation is bound to bring its own reward in the

increased sale of cars.

The revenue derived from the manufacturers thereof, increased dividends to tax-paying shareholders, and the employment of a great number of men can be written down as a certain result of a motor tax reduction.



Mr. Smit, High Commissioner for South Africa, inspects a 40-50 h.p. Rolls-Royce which is to tour South Africa, Rhodesia and Kenya.

The LAKE (Continued from page 84).

out to look for it. The channel worked splendidly, the pens stayed dry, but in the centre of the lake the water was eighteen feet deep. It was after the first rain that I noticed tracks around the lake. For two or three nights after that I sat up watching the pens till morning; but, of course, nothing came, and the very first night I didn't watch, the foxes went crazy towards morning.

I grabbed my rifle and rushed down to the pens, and there was the vixen on top of her box screaming her heart out. At the same moment the ducks rose with a whirr from the lake. I didn't go down there. If I had I might have found something, but I didn't go. Instead I went back to the veranda and sat down with my gun across my knees. I didn't see or hear anything more, and when it was daylight I went down to the lake. There were fresh footprints in the clay by the water's edge.

I want to tell you about those footprints, for it was a footprint and nothing else that sent George Elcher flying down the road to the village, where he sunk his sour German pride to ask shelter for the night. He and his wife had come back when the water went down and had gone into the house, and on the kitchen floor, covered with dirt and debris which the water had brought and left, there were footprints something like the naked foot of a man, only larger and webbed.

That is what Elcher told me, and he added a lot of silly stuff about the curious and malignant form of life which fled overland from a swampy continent that sank in the ocean a million years ago.

NO one knew how the fire in the Nicola Valley started, but with a temperature of a hundred and two and the humidity down to eighteen for six weeks on end, it doesn't take much to start a fire. Anyway, it got started, and almost immediately was out of control and away. I didn't know what to do.

Fortunately my valley had no big timber with the exception of the pines at the back of the house, and George Elcher had cut up and sold all the cottonwood and scrub poplar the first winter he was in the valley, so that now the place was as clean as the back of your hand. The smoke was my worst danger; it was getting thick already, and the fire miles away. I noticed that it seemed to hang around the house and the fox pens, but over the lake was clear. So I built a raft and six crates, each one just large enough to hold a fox.

The raft hadn't been on the water more than a week when late one afternoon the wind changed. I didn't wait for anything more, but popped my foxes in their crates and got them down to the lake, where I piled them three deep on either end of the raft, leaving myself a clear space in the middle and at both sides.

That night the fire appeared at the top of the Fisher Hill. I sat in the centre of the raft and watched it spy out the land.

I SANK my paddle desperately. We stopped moving, but almost at the same moment, I noticed that the raft had a list to the lee side. Even then I had no idea how serious it was until one of the top crates, the one with my four-hundred-dollar vixen inside, went flop in the lake. We were over sixteen feet of water, and without attempting to right the raft I dropped my paddle and, grabbing the pole, speared the crate.

I had strung the crates down the middle of the raft, and I was kneeling on the lee side. Once more we were stationary, and this time I commenced to paddle hard. The wind was just strong enough to keep us headed straight for shore, but we hadn't covered more than a few feet when I might have been solidly anchored to a rock for all the progress I could make. I shipped my paddle, partly to think things over and partly to see what would happen.

I hadn't long to wait. There was a swirl and a ripple and right away the raft commenced to tip to windward. That settled my line of action.

I DON'T know how long I paddled, but it must have been hours. The fire had taken the Fisher Hill, and with the last of the pines my house

had gone, a pigmy meeting death in a battalion of giants. Great tongues of flame licked down into the valley, and over the fox pens the burning faggots fell like rain. I laid down my paddle. The smoke was drifting in over the lake, blinding me, and making each breath a torment. Away in the distance I heard the chief ranger's truck.

I was conscious that behind the crates something groped in cautious movement. Without letting go my hold on the pole, I was feeling for the knife with which I cut up the horse meat for the foxes, when something, I do not know whether it was an arm or a tentacle, shot out from behind the crates. I lunged desperately with my pole, and the impact told me that I had found my enemy, but the next moment oozy slimy fingers closed on my throat and held me powerless in a terrible grip of death.

WITH finger tips from which the blood seemed bursting, I clutched convulsively at my knife as the loathsome weight bore me irresistibly to the floor. My head came down on the razor-like steel and the gush of blood which relieved the congestion on my brain no doubt saved my life, and gave me strength to hack at the thing that had me by the throat. There was a gush of fluid which further blinded me. I say fluid, because I do not know it was blood. Blood there was on my clothing and on the raft, but no more than the wound in my head might account for, and I cannot believe that those webbed protuberances bled. Anyway, some vital sap escaped; the vice-like grip relaxed; and I felt rather than heard the monster slip sullenly from the raft. The foxes had stopped yelping, there was a swirl and a ripple, then the voice of the ranger calling to me across the lake.

I PILED my foxes on the forestry truck, and left the valley that morning, and until yesterday I've never been back. But if I'd taken my loss like I should, I wouldn't have come from the funeral this afternoon, feeling like a murderer who, through no grace of his own, has escaped the gallows; for I sold that hellish place to Boston Towers a year ago, and, God help him! he built a houseboat on the dwerger lake.

CONCLUSION.

"A Bit of Good Tobacco - rolled up anyhow!"

NO fancy shapes, no costly labels and boxes for Martins Panatellas.

Just a bit of good, well-matured tobacco "rolled up anyhow"—cool-smoking and sweet—and packed in inexpensive wooden barrels.

All the cost goes into the quality of Martins Panatellas. That's why we sell millions of them, why we can afford to be satisfied with only a small profit—and why Panatellas cost you so little.

MARTINS Panatellas

LONG

size

27/6 for 100

In sealed barrels of 100 only

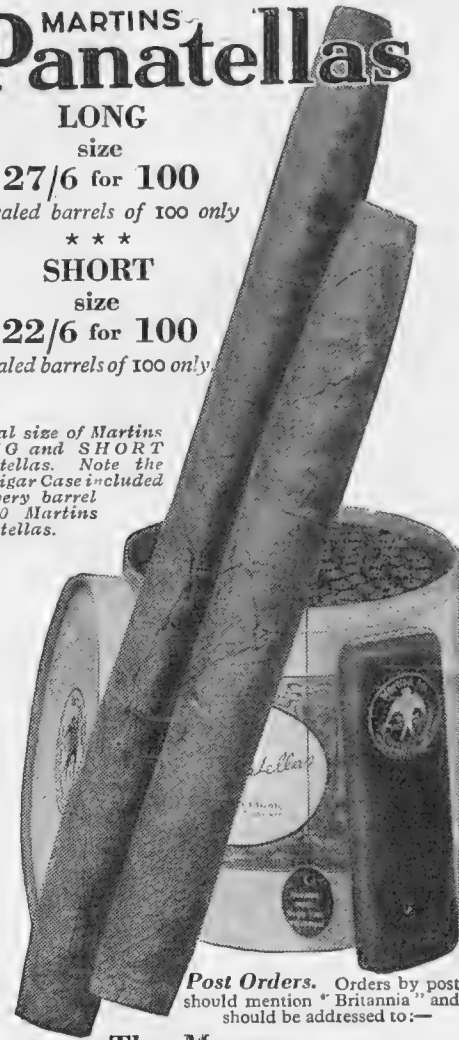
SHORT

size

22/6 for 100

In sealed barrels of 100 only

Actual size of Martins LONG and SHORT Panatellas. Note the free Cigar Case included in every barrel of 100 Martins Panatellas.



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6 Doors from Piccadilly Circus
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Britannia's Sports Section.

WEIGHED
IN

By "Blackfriar."

QUOTATIONS of prices offered against Lincoln and National candidates are beginning to make their appearance in the sporting Press; but I very much doubt whether any real business has yet been done on either event. Ante-post betting is largely a thing of the past, at least at any distance from the day of the race. These prices are little more than an attempt at "window-dressing" on the part of the bookmakers.

Returning by train from a Southern meeting recently I travelled in the company of two men, one whom I recognised as an owner of several horses, the other a well-known bookmaker. We had not gone very far when the owner leant across to the bookmaker and said, "You might put me a pound on Baytown for the Lincoln." "Certainly, sir," replied the other. And pulling out his book he made a note of the bet. "I'll let you know the price when I get to the office," he added cautiously.

Now I happen to know that that owner has always been partial to a bet, and a few years ago would have thought nothing of putting a hundred pounds on a horse. The bookmaker, too, is a man of substance, in his time used to dealing in thousands. Yet the careful way that pound bet was made gave me food for thought. It was a cameo which illustrated exactly to what a pass ante-post betting has arrived.

Provided that Baytown keeps well I suppose he will continue to be a public fancy for the race; though personally I shall be in no way surprised if Garnock does not ultimately carry the confidence of Norman Scobie's stable. The grey, for one thing, has no claims on the "book" to beat Scintillation, which is easily the best handicapped horse in the race, and which, I hear, will be ridden by W. Stephenson, who on Niantic deadheaded with Medal for the Cambridgeshire of 1927. Secondly, Baytown is a gross horse that requires a lot of work before he can show his best.

CAPORAL AND HIS JOCKEY.

A HORSE that is likely to come into prominence is Caporal, who on account of his hurdling experiences this winter will make appeal to many. There are at least two things to recommend him. One that he will be fit—no small consideration at Lincoln; two, that the early engagement

Interest centres very largely in the approaching Lincoln Handicap and Grand National and our correspondent discusses the prospects of some of the entrants.



Archie Burns, who has ridden the runner-up in the Lincolnshire Handicap for two successive years, is to try his luck again on Caporal.



W. Stephenson, who will probably ride Scintillation in the Lincoln.

of Archie Burns to ride him suggests that serious business is meant. Burns once told me that he always regarded Newbury as his lucky course and not without reason, for his various successes over the Berkshire course have included two Spring Cups, an Autumn Cup, the Greenham Plate and the Autumn Handicap.

Lincoln, on the other hand, has never been kind to him. I believe he has won only one race there in his life, and he has been on the back of the runner-up in the Lincolnshire Handicap the last two years. On Philammon last March he had no chance against Dark Warrior, but Burns declared directly after the race of 1927 that had he not been tied down to orders with Orbindos he would



Bright's Boy, who is suggested as an attractive double with Caballero for the National and Lincoln.

have beaten Priory Park instead of losing by a head. Some support was lent to his contention when a few days later he and Orbindos scored a runaway win in the Newbury Cup.

Perhaps the third time will pay for all, though Caporal is not the sort of horse

that I would care to trust. His twenty-six efforts on the flat have yielded him only two victories and neither of these wins, which were gained as a three-year-old, suggested a Lincolnshire winner of the future.

SUNNY TRACE REDIVIVUS.

STILL, a course of hurdling often works wonders in a horse. Sunny Trace, who beat a smart field of hurdlers at Newbury recently, may prove a typical example

Week-End Selections.

LINGFIELD PARK, SATURDAY.

Guest Hall S. Hurdle.—Mr. M. Dollar's Selected.

Godstone Hurdle.—Risen Star.

Cloister Steeplechase.—Spear o' War.

Trespasser Handicap Hurdle.—Jugo.

Troytown Handicap Steeplechase.—Koko, if absent, Great Span.

HAYDOCK PARK, SATURDAY.

Saturday S. Handicap Steeplechase.—Alex.

Gt. Central Handicap Steeplechase.—Patron Saint.

Farm S. Hurdle.—Star of Argos.

Ashton Handicap Hurdle.—Syrian.

St. Helen's Steeplechase.—Magic Moon.

In the minds of most of us Sunny Trace all last back-end was suffering from the effects of that gruelling duel with Flamingo in the Derby, and it looked as if his courage had become affected. At any rate, he never seemed to put that gusto into his work that had characterised his juvenile career. So Lord Dewar, on the advice of his trainer, Fred Darling, decided last autumn to turn him over to the Hon. Aubrey Hastings for a course of jumping in the hope that beneficial results would accrue.

I did not see Sunny Trace make his jumping début at Wolverhampton in December, but his display in no way impressed those who were there. However, the experience must have been valuable for he jumped fluently enough at Newbury and finished the two miles with a burst of speed that enabled him to snatch a narrow victory. It would not do to wax enthusiastic on this one display, but it looked to me as if Sunny Trace has regained his courage and improved his stamina into the bargain.

It is unlikely that Lord Dewar will keep the son of Abbot's Trace to the winter game and I shall watch for the colt's next appearance on the flat with increased interest.

For those that like this sort of thing I would suggest that Scintillation and Maguelonne would seem to constitute a most attractive "double." As an alternative, Caballero to whose excellent Lincolnshire chance I have already drawn attention, and the consistent Bright's Boy might appeal.

Golf in a Gale

A game in which one player had two opponents and the other only one.

By Gerard Fairlie



Miss Cicely Lascelles and Mrs. Herbert Guedalla, two prominent lady golfers who are proficient in playing in gales or any other weather. With them is James Braid.

PLAYING in a howling gale the other day with a man who beats me more often than I manage to beat him, I had an unexpected victory. I am inclined to put this down to the fact that I did not try to do so much as he, rather than to any possibility of my having played any better than he did.

There were occasions when, at certain holes, the wind was blowing directly across the fairway. My opponent invariably played the ball into the wind with a cut or a pull in order to counteract its effect. Personally, I tried for nothing so difficult; if the wind was blowing across from left to right, I drove well out to the left and let the wind bring the ball back on to the fairway. In this way, since my ball was not striving against it, I made the wind my ally and not my enemy.

On this day my ball finished more often near the centre of the course than his did. It seems to me very easy to do this clever golf; a hook slightly overdone will sometimes get inside the wind with the result that it becomes a colossal pull. Similarly, a bad slice into a right-to-left wind can have equally disastrous results.

A great many first-class golfers do this sort of thing and get away with it, and when they are accomplishing it successfully there is no golf more delightful to watch. But I think the joy of doing it successfully once is very apt to lead people astray, since the temptation is to attempt again when a shot using the wind is not only indicated but would be far easier. I see no point in making the game more difficult than it already is and, if one is going for results, I think one would be well-advised always to make the wind one's friend.

My friend the other day had two opponents, the wind and myself. I had but one.

While on this subject of wind it is extraordinary how little a well-hit shot will be

affected. The slightest hook or slice will be magnified beyond recognition, but a well-timed ball may veer slightly to right or left but will come to very little harm.

STEEL SHAFTS.

I have had a most interesting letter from J. L. Low, who, as everybody knows, was Chairman of the Rules of Golf Committee for many years. He has just come across a back number of *BRITANNIA* in which I referred to steel shafts. He tells me that during the period when he was in the chair the Committee agreed that the golf club was sufficiently guarded by the rule: "The Rules of Golf Committee will not sanction any substantial departure from the traditional and accepted form or make of golf club." Mr. Low says that we must stand on that. He says that our cricketers would not allow the Americans to come to Lord's and bat with anything except the willow. He asks why we should allow them to come to St. Andrews and play with steel shafts.

I think the whole question of steel shafts boils down to this—who wants them? In America, where they are legal, slightly less than half the golf players use them. Some people say they drive a slightly longer ball with them; others say that they can drive a longer ball with hickory. They argue this point in American golf circles as we over here discuss the relative merits of two different makes of golf balls.

There is only one possible use, so far as I can see, for steel shafts and that is in those countries where climatic conditions destroy ordinary wooden shafts. Here in England, however, the situation is entirely different and there is no apparent reason why we should allow them.

THE RYDER CUP.

In connection with the forthcoming contest for the Ryder Cup, I notice that George Duncan, who has been appointed captain of the British side, has expressed much the same opinion as I hold myself. "I intend to try," he said, "to inspire my team with the confidence that I feel myself, and I expect that if I can do this we shall

make the Americans go back to the United States without the Cup."

True, Duncan has never lacked confidence, but on this occasion he was not speaking for himself but as the new leader of the team. He gave some reasons for his opinion. He remarked that this year we ought to win because man for man we have the better golfers and his last words were significant. "I shall avoid the great mistake of the last match," he said, "when the order of play of our team was published in the American Press before the day of the match, with the result that Hagen had the advantage of placing his men against ours. This was an advantage to which I do not think he was entitled."

I cannot vouch that these were Duncan's exact words, but they certainly convey his meaning. Obviously, it is very much fairer for each captain to make up his mind on the order in which he intends his men to play without any foreknowledge of the order in which his rivals have been placed.

HAGEN ON AMERICA'S CHANCES.

By a curious coincidence Walter Hagen, who is the captain of the American team, has also burst into speech with regard to

the forthcoming match. Speaking at a dinner given to some of the American professionals who have been selected to play in the matches, he is reported to have said: "I should like to see an even break for foreign-born professional golfers who become American citizens. I should like to see them given an opportunity of winning a place in future American teams. There should be no discrimination in sport. The biggest objection comes from England and not from America and the situation should be



MacDonal Smith, of the Lakeville Golf Club, who won the \$10,000 Los Angeles Open Golf Tournament for the second year in succession.

viewed from a broader angle."

Hagen is popular in England now that we know him, but he has a regrettable facility for making tactless speeches. And in this instance, as in the past, he has got his facts wrong. The reason why men like MacDonal Smith, Jim Barnes, and Cruikshanks have not been selected to play for America is that they are qualified by birth to play for Great Britain. But the really important point in the matter is that the American authorities, to whom Hagen owes his selection as captain of the team, have definitely stated that they do not consider these men as qualified to play for America.

UMPIRING *at* Lawn TENNIS

The proposal that lawn tennis umpires shall pass an eyesight test may lead to an improvement in this department of the game.

By F. GORDON LOWE.

THE Lawn Tennis Umpires' Association, which has lately been reorganised, is evidently fully alive to its responsibilities. Their proposal that all members must pass an eyesight test before they can be given certificates to umpire has come as a shock to some, but is none the less a necessary one.

C. J. Meads, the Secretary of the Association, tells me that the tests will be exactly the same as those used by oculists. The Umpires' Association will meet later on this month when this and other matters are down for discussion: our leading players will be asked to attend.

The chief need at the ordinary local tournament is a better arrangement for the supply of umpires; up to date managements have relied on finding suitable men on the ground. This new regulation will not make the job of the organisers any easier.

WIMBLEDON UMPIRES.

THE eye test will certainly create a few vacancies in the ranks of Wimbledon umpires. There has always been keen competition for these jobs, which quite rightly provide free admission, free lunches, and the best view of some of the matches! Now some of the younger applicants, especially those who have been beaten in the eliminating tests at Roehampton and cannot obtain a reserved seat at the championships, may have their chance.

Unquestionably this regulation must apply to linesmen as well as to umpires. In the big centre court matches it is the linesmen and not the umpire who require keen eyesight. The job of the umpire is merely to call the score and to take charge of the proceedings generally. He is provided with a full corps of linesmen whose sole job it is to watch their respective lines.

The umpiring at Wimbledon, and especially on the centre court, is by no means perfect and certainly leaves room for improvement. Last year the standard was distinctly lower than usual and some of the decisions in the Tilden-Borotra encounter were noticeably at fault. In some of the early rounds, too, on the outside courts, players have had



Miss Marjory Morrill, who is ranked sixth in America and is playing tennis on the Riviera this season.

line, which usually proves fatal.

Another trouble is that a linesman may frequently have his view blocked by the receiver of service when he is struggling to take his opponent's delivery. This difficulty could be obviated if 3 feet stools were provided on which the linesman could stand during a match. This would give them an uninterrupted view of the game.

In addition to an eyesight test every umpire should have to pass an examination in the rules of the game (even in 1924, during the



Miss Virginia Rice, one of America's coming lawn tennis players, officiates as umpire at Cannes.

a bad time through inexperienced men being in charge of their matches.

HOW MISTAKES OCCUR.

THE majority of mistakes, however, at Wimbledon are not due to bad eyesight. Often they occur because those on the line are inclined to give their call too soon, before the ball has actually pitched. A ball often looks to be going out but dips suddenly at the end of its flight.

Many times, too, an official is tempted to watch the game instead of his special

performance of our touring team so far. The Yorkshireman now holds the title which was won by Borotra last year. With the exception of Hawkes, Kalms and Willard, the entry was representative of Australia's best. The path for Gregory was somewhat smoothed by the surprising defeat of Crawford early on by Schlesinger, who played a very painstaking game.

Another factor, which may have helped towards Gregory's success, was a considerable drop in the temperature on the last two days of the meeting. In the final Gregory accounted for Schlesinger by 6-2, 6-2, 5-7, 7-5. He played fine tennis, but found the cut shots of his opponent embarrassing during the closing stages.

Gregory is still at the beginning of his tennis career, but has not yet developed as the critics had hoped. Perhaps his latest

victory will be the stepping stone to greater deeds still. It is said that his game has improved 15 since his arrival in Australia.

In the doubles, Gregory and Collins went down after a glorious fight to Moon and Cummings, who in turn fell to Crawford and Hopman; the last-mentioned couple are possibly the Wimbledon champions of the future.

English double pairs are inclined to be too stereotyped in their formation. We believe in a hard and fast rule of the receiver's partner being up during the return of service at all costs.



Miss Eileen Bennett and Mr. Tom Burke on the courts at Cannes.

Brookes-Hunter match on the centre court, the umpire was at fault) and a general efficiency test.

MISS NOEL AT SQUASH.

THE prowess of Miss Susan Noel in the Ladies' Squash Rackets Championship at Queen's was followed with keen interest by all lawn tennis players. Miss Noel is almost as clever at squash as she is at lawn tennis, which is saying much.

By reaching the third round and only being beaten by Miss Huntsman, after a stern struggle, she proved that her day of victory in this event is not far distant. Miss Noel has now returned to her finishing school in Paris, but will be home in time for the lawn tennis season.

AN IMPORTANT TITLE.

J. C. GREGORY scored a great success for England by winning the Australian singles championship. It is by far the best individual

INTERESTING COMPETITION FOR DICKENS LOVERS

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WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

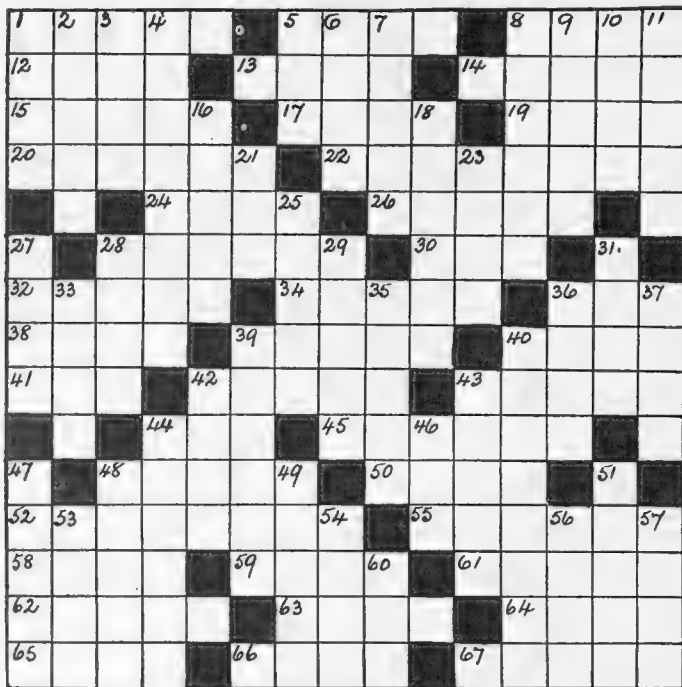
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Solutions must be accompanied by 3 outside printed wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. No other enclosure to be inserted in envelope, which must be marked "Dickens Crossword." Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44/50, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1, to reach this address not later than March 30th, 1929. It is suggested to Colonial readers to forward their replies as quickly as possible and to see that they are properly franked for postage.

Additional copies of this entry form can be obtained from your chemist or direct from "Dickens Application Form," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44/50, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1, on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

In all cases the decision of the Proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap must be accepted as final and NO CORRESPONDENCE CAN BE ENTERTAINED. Results will be announced in *The Sunday Chronicle*, April 14th, 1929, and *Daily Mail*, April 15th, 1929.



DICKENS

1. Mr. Tupman's first name. 5. Town visited by Pickwickians; and a place for C.T. Soap. 8. Mint, Sage, for example. 12. Every one, singly. 13. Mr. Dombey welcomed the arrival of a male one. 14. Antagonist. 15. Cornstalk. 17. Gather. 19. Bestow. 20. Scattered with seed. 22. Friend of D. Copperfield, at school and later. 24. Tell a secret. 26. Pigs' homes. 28. Jacob's was a dream one. 30. Number. 32. Use C.T. Shaving Soap on these. 34. Household gods. 36. Sawyer as a medical student would advocate cleanliness (P.P.). 38. "The Saracen's —" (N. Nickleby) needed no shampoo. 39. Benjamin —. Another medical student (P.P.). 40. Attorney (P. Papers). 41. Ever in poetry. 42. Snares. 43. Roof cover. 44. Order. 45. Alias Handford, alias Rokesmith (O. M. Friend). 48. Companion of "The Artful Dodger." 50. Row. 52. Mr. Dombey thought little of her. 55. — Doyce, engineer and inventor (L. Dorrit). 58. Young deer. 59. Rent. 61. Crest of roof. 62. Eastern Ruler. 63. The boy who arrived in 13 Across. 64. Observed. 65. Bob Sawyer's street in the borough where C.T. Soap is made. 66. Dickens is among novelists, what Wright's is among Coal Tar Soap. 67. Map.

DICKENS

1. Tragic heroine of Thomas Hardy. 2. Scolds. 3. Four roads. 4. A fat, greasy, hypocritical Reverend in Bleak House. 5. Messrs. Dodson and Fogg were members. 6. Aid. 7. Children do not shed them when Coal Tar Soap is used. 8. Mrs. Betty — kept a mangle and minded children (O.M.F.). 9. Wrongs. 10. Talk wildly. 11. Wish happiness to. 16. Unites. 18. Clog with raised sole. 21. Sam Weller might have called Tony this. 23. Ceases to live. 25. Miss Weller (O.M.F.). 27. Continued pain. 28. You cannot believe such a person. 29. Uncle of Nicholas Nickleby. 31. Fastening. 33. A tumble rascal who washed with invisible soap. 35. Sat down again. 36. Jack climbed up the stalk of one. 37. What the wind did. 39. Zealous. 40. Plasterer in "Little Dorrit," lived near C.T. Soap headquarters. 42. Lord Decimus — Barnacle; very well named (L. Dorrit). 43. When children do this to faces, use C.T. Soap. 44. Where Oliver Twist first met the Artful Dodger. 46. Disencumber. 47. Refuse. 48. Wrote "The Viper of Milan." 49. Range. 51. Line in music. 53. Tibetan priest. 54. Ages. 56. Thought. 57. A six-week season. 60. Fruit.

In submitting this solution I agree to all the conditions enumerated above.

NAME AND ADDRESS SHOULD.....

BE WRITTEN HERE IN PLAIN.....

BLOCK LETTERS.....

Be sure to mark your envelope "Dickens Crossword."

Streets 17.

Brighter Bridge

An effort to improve
the Average Player's
Game

By G. H. W. Ramsey

It is not the policy of BRITANNIA to organise competitions for large monetary prizes. We realise, however, that a small inducement lends zest to the solution of problems, and we therefore offer ten free annual subscriptions for the first five correct solutions to our Bridge and Crossword problems respectively. Solutions must be received by the first post on the Friday following the publication of the problems. The Editor's decision must in all cases be final. The Crossword will be found on p. 102.—Ed.

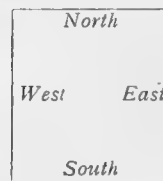
A WEEKLY Bridge Competition is now incorporated in BRITANNIA as a standard feature of the paper.

The answers to the problems must reach this office not later than first post on the Friday following the problem's publication. Solutions will appear three weeks after the problem's appearance. They should be addressed: Bridge Competition, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.

The decision of the Card Editor is final.

PROBLEM VII.

- ♠ 9, 8, 6, 4.
- ♥ 6, 4.
- ♦ 3.
- ♣ K, Q, J, 8, 6, 4.



- ♠ A, 10, 7, 5, 3.
- ♥ A, K, J, 7, 5.
- ♦ Q, J, 7.
- ♣ —.

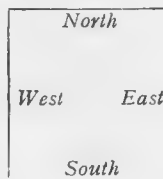
South deals and calls (correctly) one Spade; West, Two Diamonds; North (correctly), Three Spades; East, Four Diamonds; South (correctly), Four Spades. All pass.

The opening lead was the Diamond 6, taken by East with the Ace. East then led the Two of Spades.

How should South continue the hand?

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM V.

- ♠ 10, 7.
- ♥ Q, 5, 3.
- ♦ Q, 9.
- ♣ K, J, 7, 5, 3, 2.



- ♠ A, Q, 8.
- ♥ A, 7, 6, 4.
- ♦ A, J, 10.
- ♣ A, 9, 8.

South deals and calls Two No Trumps. All pass.

The first two tricks are:—

West.	North.	East.	South.
S.5	S.7	S.J	S.Q.
C.10	C.2	C.6	C.A.

How should South continue to play the hand? If the King of Diamonds is East and the King of Hearts is West, how many tricks should South make?

HOW THE HANDS SHOULD BE PLAYED

The cardinal point in dealing with this hand lies in the fact that whether West renounces on the second round of Clubs or plays a small one, the Jack must be played from Dummy. The only *sure* entry to the long Clubs is in the suit itself; and this is one of the occasions on which one disregards the old rule "never finesse with 9." Should the Queen be played by West, of course, things are simple. The Jack is played to give North a possible entry.

In the actual play, however, the 10 of Clubs was a false card played by West; on the second round he played the 4. The finesse was taken and the Jack won.

The Queen of Diamonds was then successfully run and three rounds of that suit taken. South then led the Heart Ace and followed with the last Club.

Four cards in this suit put West in an uncomfortably tight corner. At the lead of the last Club, he held the King of Hearts and King and Nine of Spades. South held the Ace-eight of Spades, discarding his last Heart. It is obvious that throwing the Heart-King makes North's Queen good; baring the Spade enables South to make both Ace and Eight.

The result, of course, is Grand Slam as the cards lay; if East holds the Club Queen, five by tricks.

THE PRIZE-WINNERS

For Competition No. V the prize-winners are:—D. E. Childs, Officers' Mess, Experimental Station, Porton, Wilts; Lieut.-Col. F. W. E. Blake, 17 Half Moon Street, W.1.; W. F. Grahame Spencer, Les Sapins, Leysin, Switzerland; Major N. A. Bittleston, Westwood House, Ipswich, Suffolk; F. J. Radford, Berrington, Sheringham, Norfolk.

WALES'S RUGBY TRIUMPH OVER SCOTLAND AT SWANSEA BY 14 POINTS TO 7



The Welsh team lined up for the National Anthem, which was sung with fervour by the crowd.



The Army (11) beat Blackheath (6) at Woolwich. An Army forward gets the ball from a line-out in a match which provided a keen tussle.

Forwards jumping for the ball in a line-out at Swansea. Wales wore black shorts. Close rushes by the Welshmen were a feature of the game.



Forward play predominated in the match at Swansea. The Scots get away with the ball at their feet after the break-up of a scrum. In the second half the Scottish forwards showed greatly improved form, led by the experienced J. M. Bannerman.

ALL SORTS OF SPORT.

Fresh-Air enthusiasts at
their week-end pastimes:



The "Plus Four" woman chairs Miss Crawford, winner of the Ken Wood Regulars Swimming Club's Silver Medal for the Challenge Race.



Members of the Alpha Club who are to row in the Novices' "rum-tum" race in a merry mood at Barnes.



Miss Vera Hinton being acclaimed winner of the Middlesex Ladies' A.C. Cross Country Championship at Perivale. She is now entitled to take her place in the National Team.



Caddies scramble for the ball after Sir Laming Worthington-Evans had played himself in as President of the Mid-Surrey Golf Club at Richmond. A large number of spectators witnessed the event.



The Cottesmore meet at Wild's Lodge near Melton. There was an exceptionally large field, following the Hunt Ball, which included the Prince of Wales and Duke of Gloucester.

DRAMATISTS *and* *the* Films

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

The author or dramatist, frequently expresses displeasure at the result of a film version of his work. Yet he is well paid and the film offers dramatic opportunities which are not found in books or on the stage.

WRITERS of books and plays which get filmed are sometimes reported to be displeased with the screen versions of their work, on the ground that the original has not been faithfully enough followed. Bits that the author, perhaps, highly valued are left out; other bits that he does not approve of are put in; not only whole new scenes but fresh characters may be added.

But I do not think an author in such case has any real reason to kick against the pricks. In the first place the pill has a way of being very pleasantly and satisfactorily gilded. Plots are highly paid for by these wealthy companies—a clear £1,000 down, for instance, was given the other day just for the right of making a film out of a piece that was a stage “flop,” and successes with well-known names attached command sums that would reconcile most of us to the most liberal interpretation of our most cherished themes.

WHERE THE SCREEN GAINS.

Also in using theatre stuff for the cinema it is or should be obvious to the meanest intelligence that the adapters would be wasting their opportunities and showing gross ignorance of their business if they did not take fullest advantage of the very different scope of the screen. Things that have to be taken for granted or conveyed to the audience merely by illusion in the dramatic form, can be vividly and fully presented to them in the film, with its infinitely more elastic control over space and accommodation for incidents and characters for which the stage would have no room.

This point is well illustrated in “The Silent House,” a new and altogether admirable film version of the excellent “thriller” of the same name, which had a big success, both in London and New York. The story, it may be remembered, deals with a struggle between a young Englishman and a sinister Chinese ex-mandarin for the treasure left by the Englishman’s uncle, and concealed somewhere in a lonely house in Surrey. In the play the connection of the Chinaman (and one or two other villains) with the dead uncle’s past life is only cursorily explained;



An ingenious throwback to China provides some of the most attractive scenes in “The Silent House.”



Carl Brisson and Anny Ondra in the Isle of Man drama, “The Manxman.”

whereas the film, in an ingenious “throwback” to China, gives us the whole exciting tale and incidentally provides some of its most attractive and picturesque scenes.

A FINE PICTURE.

Finely photographed and acted, full of movement and variety of scene, this picture is one of the best screen entertainments yet, and fully worthy of a run at a big London house. It can challenge comparison with the products of any studio in the world; and it is most gratifying to know that it is made by a British firm, Butcher’s Film Service, and directed by an Englishman, Mr. Walter Forde, a screen actor who has done a lot of work at Hollywood—a form of training which other British directors might well copy.

WHERE THE STAGE WINS.

A different policy in the way of play-conversion has been adopted by Paramount in “Interference,” a film version of the former St. James’s piece, shown at the Plaza. Perhaps, because it is a “talkie,” the lines of the play have been more or less exactly followed, with the result that we have to take Lady Marlay’s before-the-story marriage to scoundrelly Philip Voaze, on which the plot largely hangs, all for granted.

If the idea was to show that the tinned talking play can meet the real article on its own ground, I can only say that the attempt is a complete failure, and the victory of the human element a sweeping one.

I admit that Mr. Clive Brook is not quite a Sir Gerald du Maurier nor Miss Evelyn Brent or Miss Doris Kenyon nearly as good as their prototypes. But, quite apart from this, the stage procedures and conventions are definitely not those of the screen, with the result that the film is greatly inferior to the play—whereas “The Silent House” is actually an improvement on the original.



Clive Brook and Doris Kenyon in talkie, “Interference.”

Correspondence

CO-EDUCATION.

Seldom has a weaker case against co-education been put forward than the one by a correspondent in a recent issue.

His reference to the London Hospitals having "discontinued co-education of the sexes in their Medical Schools" is no argument whatever as far as children of school age are concerned, even had this reference been true. The writer, however, has evidently not read the official report of the London University Committee on the Medical Education of Women-Students, issued recently but particulars of which were published some weeks ago. In this they stated, "We are unable to see any valid argument against co-education in medicine."

This report made it perfectly clear that, so far as the London University Committee's reports were concerned, in the study of medicine women certainly gained by being educated side by side with men. Your correspondent's case is, therefore, rather spoilt by this report as well as by his somewhat vague insinuations of the lower type of normality in co-education schools as compared with others. These are rather uncalled for.

As one who has had exceptional opportunities in the past 21 years of studying the working of several of the leading boarding co-educational schools in this country, as well as of hundreds of other schools, and who is a very close and critical observer, I am personally convinced that the moral standard in these schools is of an even higher one than in the average school where boys and girls are separately educated, although, of course, these vary enormously, and even the "tone" of any particular house in a school varies sometimes even from term to term.—W. W. HIND SMITH.

TRADE UNIONS SHOULD PAY

It is admitted that no useful purpose is served by discussing who is responsible for the appalling conditions in the coal-fields. However, it is a usually accepted maxim that he who calls the tune pays the piper.

Trade Unionists who participated in the shocking crime of the General Strike which aggravated the already frightful state of affairs in the coal mines should each week be levied 10 per cent. of their wages until such time as the distress is alleviated. This levy would provide at a conservative estimate £1,000,000 a week which could be collected by their employers and forwarded through the proper channels. When one reads that half a million has already been collected one rather loses sight of the fact that there are with their families a by far greater number of distressed miners. Apart from the unquestionable justice of such a procedure, as a gesture of real sympathy it would be rather a change from the sympathetic strike.

The higher paid Trades Unions, such as the National Union of Teachers, who, for reasons of their own, did not go on strike, could be levied 20 per cent. of their wages and would then be in receipt of considerably more than the miserable 30s. to 35s.

In order to give as wide a selection as possible from the large number of letters we continue to receive, correspondents are asked to limit their letters to a maximum of 200 words.

a week which a miner in work receives. It is obvious that, because teachers' high wages have to be raised in the form of iniquitous taxation upon the industry of the country, the mining industry is in such a plight. This would appear to be the appointed time for Trades Unions to put into practice that theory of Socialism which has been so repeatedly advocated by George Bernard Shaw and other "respectable Socialists."—FRANK THEODORE.

WOMEN AND PROHIBITION.

Joan Kennedy will be mistaken, as so-called social reformers in other countries have been, if she expects women to vote for prohibition. They will not. The average women, and I count myself of this number, do not object to the moderate consumption of alcoholic refreshment by their men-folk. They in fact encourage it. The experience of Sweden in this connection is worth recording. In 1922 a vote was taken on the question of prohibition and the women of Stockholm confounded the teetotal party by rejecting it by 71,214 votes to 14,372.—BETTY CROWE.

ELECTORAL REFORM

It would be interesting to know what your readers think in regard to elections; whether the time has now come for a complete alteration regarding them; whether the expense entailed is worth consideration, and whether we are getting the best men to represent the country by the present system?

I would suggest an alternate form, that is, the various Departments such as Home Affairs, Foreign, Military, Navy, Trade and Commerce, Agriculture, etc., have an equal number of men of wide experience in their respective departments, be elected and allocated to these various branches, that they have their Committee and report to the House at a general meeting, on occasions as may be arranged, and their views be accepted or rejected by the General Body then meeting.

May I liken the character of the House of Commons to a wheel, the centre or hub being the General Assembly and the spokes the various sections representing the various concerns of the country; and the outer rim being the people which encircle the whole construction.

Supposing there were 600 members and 20 Government Departments, there would be 30 candidates for each.

At present we have for Parliamentary candidates, men with certain means, not always with ability; who are supposed to nurse a constituency, whereas by the method suggested the best men of the country would be elected, having distinctive knowledge and ability. The tenure of appointment should be definite for seven years, so that the business of the country may not be

subject, as it is at present, to the expense of elections if the Government in power were defeated.—H. B. STOKES.

THE AIMS OF CAPITALISM AND SOCIALISM.

Dr. Haden Guest's and Captain Reginald Berkeley's articles on Socialism and Bolshevism are extremely interesting.

While reading Captain Berkeley's it occurred to me that Socialism, Bolshevism, Fascism and such phenomena cannot be indicted on moral grounds. Are not Socialists would-be Capitalists?

It is the consciousness (albeit unacknowledged) that they want that which the Capitalist has that impels Socialist to strive to overcome him, and in the drama the same motive actuates both protagonists; the Socialist conceives that the Capitalist is such only by virtue of opportunity or accident, and owes his good fortune to the latter or to his astuteness and industry which enabled him to acquire that which the community allowed him to acquire; similarly, without reference to morality, the Socialist's right to oust the Capitalist is commensurate with his ability to do so.

For instance, over and above what that in which he trades costs him (including, of course, his minimum profit) a merchant considers he is entitled to sell to the man that pays the highest price; and, similarly, workers in a position to adopt "canny" tactics have rarely failed to avail of their opportunity.

Hence, it seems that the conduct of the latter is not anomalous since it is based on the natural law: "Buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest," i.e., "Obtain your reward with as little effort as you can get off with."—"SEEKER."

ELIZABETH AND ESSEX.

Lord Birkenhead in his criticism of Mr. Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex* remarks:—"We in England have been brought up to believe that the Spanish fleet was an overwhelming instrument of war, magnificently equipped. Mr. Strachey, drawing chiefly from Froude and French sources, shows how little true this is."

From whatever French sources Mr. Strachey derived his information, he evidently overlooked those which maintain that the Armada was a formidable weapon. The following extract from the *Almanach illustré du Petit Parisien*, 1927, page 370, reveals that the French regarded the Spanish Armada as invincible, and that the English of Elizabeth's day were justified in regarding the destruction of the Armada by a storm as an act of God.

C'est une tempête qui dispersa l'invincible Armada réunie à grand frais par Philippe II d'Espagne et qui fit si fortement trembler les Anglais, car à cette formidable flotte ils ne pouvaient opposer qu'une force si inférieure qu'elle ne pouvait engager la lutte. On crut alors l'Angleterre perdue: un coup de vent la sauva.

—C. C. MARSTON.

Finance & City Section

You and your Money

By A. G. Walsh

FEW investors appear to realise how numerous and varied are the influences that govern security values. And many certainly do not understand that it is quite impossible generally to forecast price movements in advance.

There are instances where the financial expert can confidently recommend a stock or share for appreciation, because on merits it ought to be quoted higher.

Whether it will improve in value within a certain period is another matter. Much will depend upon market conditions, the public attitude towards the particular share, and a host of other factors which cannot be foreseen.

Sometimes I receive a question like this: "Will Courtaulds be higher or lower after the dividend is declared?" Queries like this sound easy enough; but carefully considered, and perfectly frank replies to them would be very complex in most cases.

There is no such thing as a certainty on the Stock Exchange. A hundred and one things can happen, in or out of the market, to affect prices, and particularly those of your investments.

ADVICE.

THE trouble is that the market situation is constantly changing. Markets have their moods. You write to your broker for an opinion.

He says, "Buy now, shares have another three or four shillings rise in them."—Something happens, and the price, instead of rising, falls back half-a-crown.

You say: "That was a nice kind of advice," never thinking that the factors that caused the sudden fall in the shares were not known to any living being at the time you were advised to buy.

That sort of thing happens every other week. None of us possess prophetic powers. Now and then advice tendered in perfectly good faith proves to be wrong because of some unexpected development arising subsequently.

IT is a matter of common observation that the investing public are seized by a series of notions, which pass over the community in waves.

These notions appear to be the outcome of the assumption that existing conditions are going to be more permanent than they ever proved to be in fact.

Take the artificial silk boom of two years ago; company after company was formed. One would have thought that the demand for artificial silk (it's "rayon" now) fabrics was illimitable.

And to-day? With the exception of Courtaulds, few investors will touch such shares.

Then the curious vogue of gramophone record shares; now it is automatic machine shares.

Noticeable prosperity of certain classes of business will always result in a demand for the shares of companies in that line of trade until there is a sudden slump in prices—most probably due to heavy profit-taking—when the demand shifts to something else.

PUBLIC PAY.

IT is always the public who are left with the shares bought at high prices, or in market parlance, "the baby to hold." Why? Simply because the average investor in a speculative movement fails to apply the most elementary rule of taking quick profits.

It is only in a speculative movement that prices do rise rapidly. Your motto should be: "Run quickly."

What I mean is, one should act promptly at the first sign of a setback in prices. It may easily develop into a slump. In all speculative movements there comes the point when those who have good profits want to get out. It is then that a halt is usually called.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

Unfortunately, it is not known in advance when the halt will occur.

Therein lies the danger, and every speculator knows that danger. The market may at any time turn and rend you.

My advice is: "Never hold out for the last shilling; be content with a moderate profit."

A WARNING—

WHILE on the subject of market influences, let me warn you against accepting tips for a quick rise, or capital appreciation, from advertising strangers. Don't act without independent advice.

There is an epidemic of share tipping just now. I have before me eight anonymous advertisements, all appearing on the same day, stating that the advertisers have

"reliable," "sound," and "inside" information.

One states that money is to be made in mining shares; but omits to explain that it can also be lost more easily. Another has details of a share that shows scope for an early rise.

You will use your common-sense, of course, and ask why they don't act upon their "inside" information.

The more people you can interest in a certain share, the greater the potential demand for it. So the probable result is

a rise in the price.

And the "early birds" who bought the shares cheaply before the public came in can quietly sell out on a rising market.

When the demand for some out-of-the-way share is satiated the market inevitably dries up, and the unfortunate holders who desire to get out quickly often find that realisation becomes a matter of negotiation at the would-be buyer's price.

No, people don't go to the bother and expense of inserting advertisements to impart disinterested advice to utter strangers. That kind of sentiment is unknown in the City.

AND A NOTE OF CAUTION.

THE need for discrimination in selecting shares for investment was never greater than it is to-day.

Many of you, I know, have been the recipients of gratuitously distributed financial sheets, recommending the purchase



The Right Hon. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, who is, again in New York conferring upon international monetary matters.



Sir George L. Barstow, government representative on the Board of Anglo-Persian Oil, has just been appointed a director of the Prudential Assurance Co.

YOU AND YOUR MONEY—(continued)

of Roodeklips, and the shares of Victoria Gramophones.

There appears to be a concerted plan to get the public to buy Roodeklips, the price of which is around 5s.

Now, let us see what the company has done. It was formed a quarter of a century ago, and has never paid in dividends one penny piece.

It was originally a gold proposition but goldmining shares being out of fashion, it has turned its attention to copper. So far as I can gather, it does not own a copper mine, but it has options to acquire certain copper properties.

It is not the sort of share I should recommend under any circumstances, for the company's liquid assets, according to the last report, were only about £7,000.

In my opinion this sum is ridiculously inadequate to develop any copper proposition, and I strongly advise you to have nothing to do with the shares.

For years they have been a dormant market, almost unsaleable at times, and my records show that the price at one time last year was no better than 1s. 1d. I should say that even at that quotation they would be dear.

THOSE GRAMOPHONES.

AS to Victoria Gramophones: this company was formed only a few months ago to manufacture gramophones for the wholesale trade. Now, what I want to point out is that the purchase price of the business taken over was £45,000.

The capital of the new company is £200,000 in shares of 1s. each.

On the assumption that the whole of these shares have been issued the market capitalisation is, at the price of the shares standing at 3s. 6d., £700,000. Mark you, £700,000 for a business that was acquired for £45,000.

True, the business is to be extended but in my opinion, it would be the height of folly on the part of an investor to pay 3s. 6d.—which is the equivalent to a £1 share standing at £3 10s.—for the shares, at this early stage of the company's career.

The prospectus did estimate that the profit would be 32½ per cent. on the capital, but no details were given as to how the estimate was arrived at, nor were the previous profits set out.

It does seem strange, you will admit, that the former owners should sell the business, lock, stock and barrel, for £45,000, if, in its new form the company is capable of producing a net profit of £65,000 in the first year, such as was estimated in the prospectus.

I happen to know that certain financiers have a call upon one million of the shares at 1s. each; and, of course, if this call is to be valuable, it is to somebody's interest to see that the market price is pushed up and the shares passed on to the public—that is, to you.

BRITISH CELANESE.

SO many readers are seeking my opinion as to the wisdom of retaining or selling British Celanese shares that I consider it as well to say here that in the absence of any official information regarding the trading position it is impossible to offer advice.

I wish I could afford to the shareholder some comforting news; but really there is none. One can only fall back upon market gossip and this seems to indicate an improvement in the demand for the company's products since the drastic reductions of last year in yarn prices.

My own view is that the difficult conditions are merely a passing phase. There can be no argument that the company, like many other manufacturers of viscose yarns, has been confronted with increasing competition from acetate silks.

The market has now become resigned to poor results in respect of the year now ending, and, what with the larger commitments for debenture interest and other outlay, the holders of the second preference shares must be prepared for the passing of their dividend.

That is how the market views the position. The current year has certainly not been a normal one for the artificial silk industry.

ROUMANIAN LOAN IN SIGHT.

IT was only to be expected that political events, and more especially the elections in Roumania, would hold up the negotiations in connection with the new loan.

Now I hear that everything has proceeded satisfactorily and that the resumed negotiations with the financial houses responsible for the flotation of the loan are, at the moment of writing, practically completed.

Only a minor point or two awaits settlement before the loan contract will be signed.

The precise terms are not yet available, but I understand that the loan will be issued on a 7 per cent. basis. The prospectus will contain, most probably, the interesting announcement that Kreuger and Toll, who practically control the Swedish Match Company, are participating to the extent of £6,000,000 in the loan, in return for the match monopoly in Roumania.

My latest advices indicate that the issue price of the loan may be under £90 per cent. This would be regarded in the City as extremely attractive, and, if the forecast is correct, there should be a scramble for the loan. In such case small investors might have a poor chance of success; but let me remind them that there is always the existing four per cent. loan (British issue) to fall back upon. This is still obtainable at about half of its face value—£49 for each £100 bond.

REDUCING THE EXPORT TAXES.

NOW, I can let you into a little secret: Roumania's export taxes are to be reduced. A government decree to this effect will be promulgated very shortly, so I learn on highest authority.

Writing on November 16th, I foreshadowed that the new Roumanian government would bring in far-reaching economic measures and open the door to foreign capital for the development of the country's natural resources.

The arrangement with Kreuger and Toll confirms my anticipations. The reductions contemplated in the export taxes should help materially the oil industry.

GENERAL CO-OPERATIVE INVESTMENT

THE first report of the General Co-operative Investment Trust is now available. The trust commenced business at the end of January, 1927, and the accounts include the income received up to November 3rd last. The actual operating period accordingly covers nine months. The dividend is 6 per cent. without the deduction of income tax.

The directors are satisfied that the results fully justify the formation of the company. Since the date of the accounts the directors have sold certain investments and the result has enabled them to increase the investment reserve by a substantial amount. The remaining investments show reasonable appreciation.

7% nett and ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

The First Mortgage Co-Operative Investment Trust offers to small investors an unequalled opportunity to obtain a high rate of interest with absolute security.

The funds of this Trust are invested in First Mortgages secured on income-producing properties and in Bonds and Debentures based on similar security.

The Trust issues to investors Ordinary Shares of 2/- each upon which dividends of at least 7% will be paid.

Preference Shares of £5 each are also issued, and these are withdrawable on one month's notice. Interest at the rate of 5% is paid on shares held for less than six months, and 5½% when held for longer periods.

The accounts of the Trust are under the supervision of an auditor appointed by His Majesty's Treasury.

DIVIDENDS ARE PAID FREE OF INCOME TAX, NO DEDUCTION WHATEVER BEING MADE.

This Trust was formed for the benefit of small investors under the Industrial and Provident Societies' Acts, and the total value of shares applied for by each individual must not exceed £200.

Full particulars with our booklet "For Small Investors" will be forwarded Post free on receipt of the attached coupon.

**To the Secretary,
FIRST MORTGAGE CO-OPERATIVE
INVESTMENT TRUST LIMITED,
7 Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1.**

Please send me your explanatory booklet "For Small Investors."

Name

Address.....

Britannia, 8/2/29.

CHEST DISEASES

"Umckaloabo acts as regards Tuberculosis as a real specific."

(Dr. Secheyay in the
"Swiss Medical Review.")

"It appears to me to have a specific destructive influence on the Tubercle Bacilli in the same way that quinine has upon Malaria."

(Dr. Grun in the
King's Bench Division.)

If you are suffering from any disease of the chest or lungs—spasmodic or cardiac asthma excluded—ask your doctor about Umckaloabo, or send a postcard for particulars of it to CHAS. H. STEVENS, 204-206, Worple Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.20, who will post same to you free of charge.

Readers will see in the above few lines more wonderful news than is to be found in many volumes on the same subject.

MEMORISE YOUR MUSIC

If you can play at all from the music write for my FREE BOOK **THE MASTER-METHOD OF MEMORY-PLAYING** (post free) and learn how YOU can play from memory with ease and certainty. No knowledge of Harmony required. Send p.c. to-day stating whether you play the Piano, Violin, Cello or Organ, and if a moderate or advanced player, to: **REGINALD FOOT, F.R.C.O., 190, Beacon House, Hemstal Road, London, N.W.6.** **SUCCESS GUARANTEED OR FEE REFUNDED.**

CHILDREN'S HOTELS.

Comfortable House for Babies and Children of one month to 10 years. Catered for by trained people. Holidays or long periods. Hayes House, Hayes End, Middlesex. Tel. Hayes 120.

Finance and City Section

The Mystery of Whitehall Films

A Company that has failed to come up to expectations: And a Trade forecast for 1929.

By A. J. WALSH.

NASTY stories are afloat respecting the Whitehall Film Company. A strongly-worded letter has been addressed to the Chairman—who is Lieut.-General Sir Edward Bethune—by certain members of a committee of shareholders, and, if the allegations therein are well-founded, the company would appear to be in an ugly mess.

Let me commence from the beginning. The Whitehall Films was floated in November, 1927, and was thus one of the first such companies to take advantage of the privileges brought about by the Cinematograph Film Act, designed to assist a British film industry.

The original directorate consisted of: Sir Edward Bethune, Sir Nicholas Gratton-Doyle, M.P., Sir Basil Clarke, Mr. H. E. Hill, Mr. Charles Lapworth, Mr. Adelqui Millar and Mr. Norman A. Pogson.

The last three gentlemen, who were associated with the film industry, were the joint managing directors.

THEIR agreements were for five years, I understand. The terms of their appointments were a great feature of the prospectus. No salaries were to be paid at the outset.

"The remuneration of each," read the prospectus, "will primarily depend upon the company's success inasmuch as each will be allotted deferred shares to the nominal value of £5,000, and each is content to look to dividends from his shares for his remuneration."

The prospectus also estimated that the funds provided by the share issue would be ample to enable the company to complete the production of six films during the first working year at an average cost, not exceeding £10,000 for each film. It was also estimated that the working capital, after equipping the studio and meeting other outlay, would be about £113,300.

I may here state that the film trade at the time was very sceptical about the company's ability to carry through that programme.

At any rate, what I have set out above was the official promise.

EXPECTATIONS NOT FULFILLED.

NOW for the performance. Since the statutory meeting held early last year,

shareholders have been quite in the dark as to the company's activities.

As a general body they do not know that Sir Nicholas Gratton-Doyle, Sir Basil Clarke, Mr. H. E. Hill, Mr. Charles Lapworth, and Mr. N. A. Pogson, have all resigned from the directorate.

The last two were joint managing directors, who had agreed to accept shares in lieu of a cash salary, and were content to look to the dividends thereon as their remuneration.

Probably they thought that dividends were a forlorn hope; but how came they to be released from their contracts? That is one of the many matters the shareholders should investigate.

Under the company's Articles, Messrs. Hill and Lapworth were to hold office until the general meeting in 1930. All the resignations appear to have taken place recently.

Another matter that calls for explanation is the production of films. I understand that the official programme has not been realised, and that although the company set out primarily to produce British films, it actually has made its first in Spain.

According to the committee of shareholders the financial position of the company gives rise to anxiety, and the Chairman of the company has been called upon to state definitely whether it is the case that efforts are being made to raise funds by the issue of a debenture.

It is only fair to state that Sir Edward Bethune is making an effort to straighten out matters and is preparing a balance-sheet. But I do not wish to give rise to false hopes. From what I have ascertained I can only regard the general position of the company as far from satisfactory.

MONEY THE MAINSPRING.

COMPARATIVELY few people understand how close is the relationship between international financial policy and trade and commerce. Just a year ago, the Federation of British Industries, in its *Economic Supplement*, expressed the view that a reversal of American banking policy would check the expansion of British trade, which had begun in the previous autumn.

These fears have since proved justified. The F.B.I. believes that by correlating the movements of the money market, as controlled by the Bank of England, with changes in the more important indices of current business activity, it is possible to form a general estimate of the probable trend of trade in the near future.

The American monetary situation continues to be full of difficulties and dangers for Europe. No one can predict whether or not further steps to check New York speculation will be taken, or what further assistance, if any, will be afforded to European countries to enable them to complete the task of replenishing their gold reserves.

The Standard Trust reports net profits of £44,937. Final dividend is 6 per cent. on the larger ordinary capital of £250,000, following upon an interim payment of 4 per cent. It is proposed to increase the capital to £1,000,000 by the creation of 150,000 preference and 100,000 ordinary shares of £1 each.

COMPANY MEETING.

GENERAL CO-OPERATIVE INVESTMENT TRUST.

The annual meeting of the General Co-operative Investment Trust, Ltd., was held on Friday last at Winchester House, London, E.C.

Lt.-Col. C. H. Villiers (the Chairman) said that of the total income, £2,972, received for the year, that portion relating to dividends and interest, namely, £2,755, represented the actual income received, no credit having been taken for any accrued interest. Although the Trust started with no Capital, but with certain overhead charges, the preliminary expenses at the 3rd November stood at only £1,211, and this item would gradually disappear as the difficult period of establishment was now past.

The advantages of the Trust to the small investor were many. The investor was relieved of the anxiety of selecting reliable investments himself, and of the essential necessity of constantly watching them. Further, he paid, directly, no brokerage or commission, transfer duty, etc., beyond the penny entrance fee. He participated in many investments—at present over two hundred and thirty—which had been carefully selected by the Directors under the advice and with the co-operation and assistance of some of the leading brokers in the City. Again, dividends were paid to members in full, no income tax being deducted. That was because the Trust was not liable to Income Tax, and where the Tax was deducted from dividends paid to the Trust it was recovered in full. That was worth 4s. in the £ to the Trust so far as dividends received were concerned, and helped the Trust to get a better return than investors could get themselves by making their own investments.

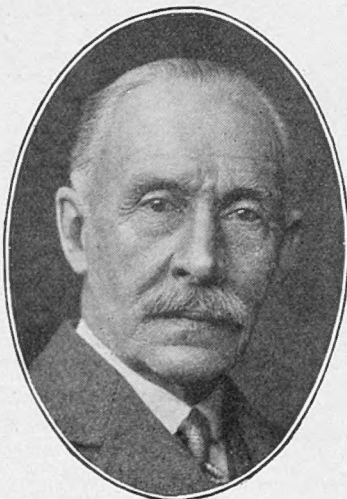
SATISFACTORY PROGRESS.

The progress of the Trust had been satisfactory. At the end of January, 1928, it commenced with nothing. To-day it had 1,450 members, and there had not been a single day which had not added some members to the list. They had subscribed over £71,000, and the Trust now had investments exceeding £130,000, which showed considerable appreciation, in addition to a large profit already realised and placed to Investment Reserve since the date of the Accounts. The list of securities comprised Government and Municipal Loans, Railway and Industrial Securities, Debentures, Preference and Ordinary Shares, but no single investment exceeded 5 per cent. of the capital.

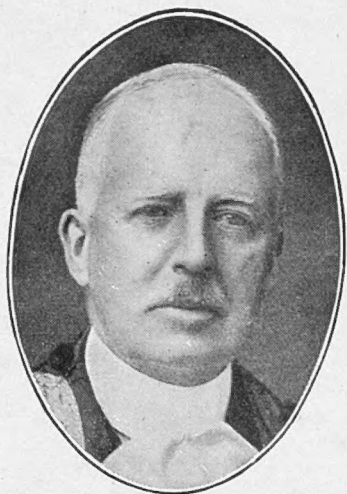
The Chairman referred to the internal working of the Trust and to the fact that the Directors had waived their fees for the period under review. The Board were alive to the necessity of giving advantage to members joining the Trust in the early stages, and when the time arrived proposals would be placed before members.

The report was unanimously adopted.

Investors can obtain particulars of the Trust, including Report and Balance Sheet, on application to the Trust, 4, Broad Street place, London, E.C.2.



Lieut.-Gen. Sir Edward Bethune,
Chairman of Whitehall Films, Ltd.



Lord Ebbisham, President of the
Federation of British Industries.

THE EDITOR to his READERS.

"BRITANNIA" marks a new and definite departure in weekly journalism. In sheer value, of course, it far surpasses anything which has previously been offered to the public at sixpence, but it also strikes a new note in its appeal to the thoughtful reader with its wide range of interest and its impartial treatment of national and imperial problems.

"BRITANNIA" has no party politics. With those who deliberately set party before policy it has no quarrel. But it recognises that the need to-day is rather for men and women who are prepared to set patriotism before party, and who are ready to think and act in what, without regard to labels, they consider as the best interests of the country.

"BRITANNIA" has no axe to grind, no vested interests to protect. It acknowledges no programme save the betterment of mankind and the welfare of Great Britain and the Empire. Thus

it will examine every project, carefully and sympathetically, submitting it to the one crucial test: "Is it good for King and Country?"

"BRITANNIA" now enjoys the regular collaboration of Lord Birkenhead, who contributes exclusively to its pages a weekly commentary on current affairs. In addition, authoritative articles by informed writers deal with the various issues of outstanding importance. Women's interests are specially catered for, social questions receive their due meed of attention, and fiction and humorous articles provide reading in lighter vein.

"BRITANNIA" will keep abreast of the times, introducing new features as occasion demands, investigating new problems as they arise, and dealing with all issues in a manner fair, frank and fearless.

A notable list of contributors already includes:

LORD ASKWITH	J. M. KEYNES
SIR REGINALD BACON	SUSAN LAWRENCE, M.P.
HILAIRE BELLOC	LORD LONDON-DERRY
ARNOLD BENNETT	ETHEL MANNIN
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LORD DUNSANY	ALFRED NOYES
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ROSITA FORBES	PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.
IAN HAY	TEMPLE THURSTON
ROBERT HICHENS	EDGAR WALLACE
STORM JAMESON	

The Editor will at all times be pleased to consider articles and stories on suitable subjects, which should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope.

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